

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



OCTOBER 1951
FALL HUNTING ISSUE

Ch. Monro...



PHOTOGRAPH BY KARSH OF OTTAWA

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A Message



from the Grand Exalted Ruler

APPROACH of the fall season means a renewal of activities in Elk Lodges and Clubs throughout the land.

It also heralds the approach of October 1, the semi-annual dues payment date of our Order.

Are you carrying a paid-up card? You should in justice to everybody concerned.

The name "Elks" should mean a lot to you. You ought to be proud to carry it. We believe you are, but don't carry it under false pretense.

Be sure that paid-up card in your pocket gives you the right to boast that you are a member of the greatest fraternal order in America.

We know you are proud of *The Elks Magazine*, like to read it. Remember that one dollar of your annual dues goes for payment of this Magazine. If you read it without paying for it, then you are cheating somebody. And that somebody is you, for the Magazine belongs to you as one of the more than a million Elks who own it.

There is another point to consider when you get behind in your dues. Thirty-five cents of your per capita tax this year goes to pay the expenses of the Elks National Service Commission.

This is the organization trying to make life a bit more pleasant for those lads of ours in the armed services, and also those who have been transferred

from the armed services to veterans' hospitals in this country.

Your 35 cents each year makes this program possible. If you are not carrying a paid-up card, then you are shortchanging the lads in those army camps and hospitals. We know you don't want to do this.

This matter of prompt dues payment is very important in that it permits us as Elks to carry on such vitally important programs as these. We don't believe you want them discontinued. Then prove it by doing your part in making continuance of the program possible.

The matter of prompt payment of dues is the individual responsibility of every Elk. It is your first and most important job. Don't make it necessary for your lodge secretary, or one of its officers, or a member of its lapsation committee, to keep reminding you of this. It's your obligation to pay your dues voluntarily and promptly as the payment period approaches.

And the next one is just around the corner—October 1.

You are proud to be an Elk, to read this Magazine, to take your share of the credit for the work our Order is doing in this time of national emergency.

Prove it by the membership card you carry in your pocket!

Howard R. Davis

HOWARD R. DAVIS
GRAND EXALTED RULER

NEW OIL FIELDS

EDITORIAL REPRINTED FROM *The New York Times*

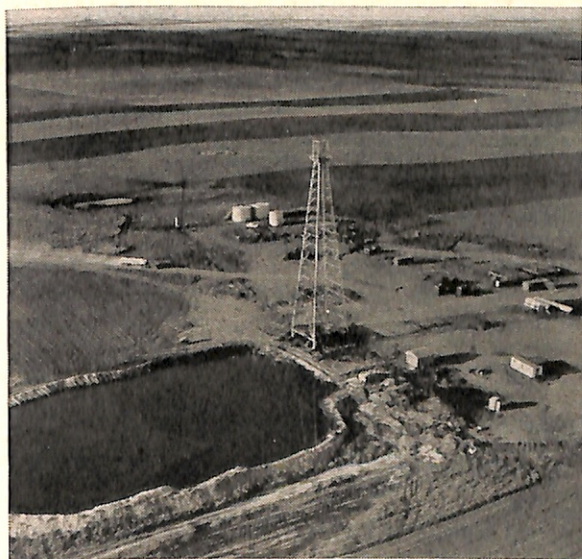
THE ROLE OF THE PROFIT MOTIVE

This editorial appeared recently in one of America's great newspapers. THE NEW YORK TIMES notes particularly the many skills and the great risks involved in the search for oil.

The development of new sources of oil is only one phase of oil company rivalry. The oil must be taken from the ground, refined into finished products, transported by pipeline, tanker, truck or tank car and marketed where and when it is needed. Every step of the way, every day, oilmen try to win more business by doing these jobs better, faster, more efficiently.

As THE NEW YORK TIMES says so emphatically:

"...the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."



IVERSON NO. 1—When this well, shown with its "slush pit," came in near Tioga in the Williston Basin, North Dakota became America's 27th oil-producing state. It was 29 years ago that a single oil company began the long search for oil in North Dakota. Today many oil companies, big and little, have leased over half the state's acreage for drilling, in the hope that the region will prove to be a major oil producer. Oil companies are getting ready to spend millions to find the answer.

"**W**HAT may well be the beginning of a new major domestic oil source in the northern Middle West is indicated by two recent important finds 100 miles apart, one last April in North Dakota and another in the past fortnight in Montana. For several decades this country has depended heavily, though not exclusively, upon southern and western areas—such states as Louisiana, Texas and California. If these new finds in North Dakota and Montana presage the opening of comparable rich fields they are of great importance.

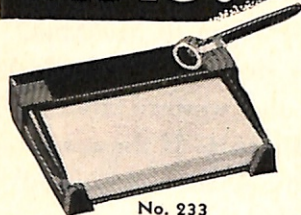
"The mounting number of cars and oil heaters in this country is steadily increasing our consumption of this material, while from a global point of view the shadows over the future of oil production in the Middle East, particularly Iran, make it most desirable to increase production from more certain sources, as in this country, as rapidly as possible.

"In our gratification over these new finds we should not lose sight of the factors which made it possible for oil to be discovered at depths of 7,000 to 11,000 feet underneath the earth. The contributions of geologists, drilling technicians and related specialists are, of course, of the highest importance, for they make possible the location and then the reaching of this buried treasure. But important, too, are the enterprise and the willingness to bear risks which motivated these efforts. Wells that find oil are well publicized, but the large number which are no more than dry holes in the ground are recorded only in red ink in private ledgers.

"The men and organizations who search for oil at fantastic depths risk millions in such ventures, and frequently lose them. But they continue even after repeated disappointments because on balance profits can be made if a reasonable proportion of successes is attained. In this activity, as in many others, the role of the profit motive in inducing socially useful action is of primary importance, a fact which our people and our legislators might well keep in mind."

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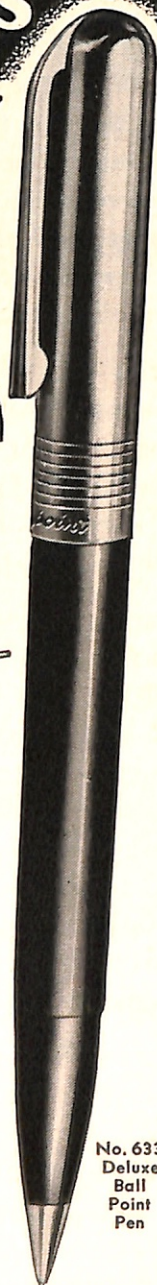


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THE

Elks

VOL. 30

MAGAZINE

No. 5

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION.

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GRAND EXALTED RULER PLEDGES ORDER'S AID

I HAVE pledged to Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall the Order of Elks' fullest cooperation in providing an adequate reserve of blood plasma for the nation's fighting forces.

Acting in your name, I delivered the pledge in response to the appeal to the nation last month by Secretary Marshall, General Omar N. Bradley, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and General Matthew B. Ridgway, Supreme Commander of the Allied Pacific Powers, for 300,000 pints of blood per month. This is the minimum needed to meet our military requirements. Our reserves of blood plasma are completely exhausted and donations have dwindled from 50,000 pints in June to 36,000 in July, according to General Marshall. It is a desperate situation.

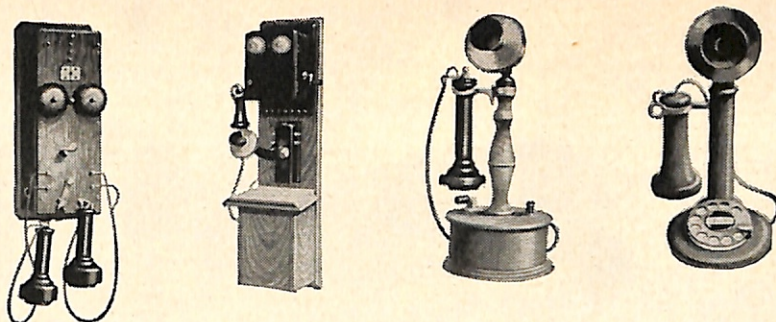
My pledge was made in the following telegram to Secretary Marshall:

"You can depend upon one million and fifty thousand members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks giving you the fullest possible measure of support in your effort to develop a blood bank adequate for the protection of those boys who are protecting American principles on the battlefields of Korea."

I acted with full confidence that all Elks would respond promptly to redeem that pledge, and provide blood so critically needed to save lives of our wounded defenders in Korea. Many lodges now have continuing blood donor programs. I hope that this emergency will spur those lodges to greater activity, and inspire other lodges to set up similar programs.

So grave is the need for blood that the Far Eastern Command has organized a donor program among members of the armed forces themselves. General Ridgway said that membership in the recently established "Gallon Club," is limited to those who have contributed a gallon of their blood.

General Bradley pointed out that this problem will be solved if every American gives three pints of blood before next summer. That is little enough to ask of us here at home.



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ILLUSTRATED BY
BOB KUHN

It takes plenty of

nerve to bag a **RAM**—the most

difficult of all our big game to bring down.

BY BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

NO HUNTER was ever attacked and killed by a mountain sheep, but quite a number of litter cases have been made out of hunters by the habitat in which these amazing animals live.

Thus the great rams of the high Western peaks become perhaps the most curious paradoxes among all big game. The head of a ram in the record class is the most desirable and most envied on this continent. The meat of the mountain sheep is considered the most delectable of any big game extant. And, like diamonds and gold and all other things which man has found especially desirable, the mountain ram, though innocuous, retiring and entirely harmless as far as man is concerned, is still the most difficult of all our big game to bring down.

Down is a word well used. The cliffs and shale slides and ledges above timber-



The bighorns had stepped over the edge of the cliff and gone bounding down.

line are the ram's backyard. They have stopped the hearts and seared the lungs and broken the bodies of more than one hunter who had an insatiable yen to gaze at the fabulous curled horns and the huge golden eyes of a record ram's head on the wall of his den. To make it worse, no trophy was ever easier to locate. Often, with the naked eye, the all-white Dall sheep of the far Northwest, or even the white rumps of the darker colored bighorns and the Stone sheep, can be seen plainly—and temptingly—far above the gunner. With a glass, these wonderfully elusive beasts have been spotted easily in the rarefied atmosphere of their top-of-the-world crags as far as five or six miles away.

Do they race off in panic when their golden telescope eyes spot the hunter at a distance? Ha! Like tempting satans from a world about which man knows lit-

tle, they stand immobile, watching, ever watching. Then the hunter begins his stalk, tearing his heart and his lungs and his muscles apart in the most dangerous and killing labor he has ever experienced. Hours later he raises his head slowly from over a ledge, prepared to send home the shot which will make his dream of accomplishment come true.

And where is the great ram that stood "stupidly" in plain sight gazing at him from a rocky promontory barely out of rifle range several hours previously? Long gone, my friend, long gone. But where? He couldn't by any stretch of the imagination have gone over that almost vertical cliff, reaching down hundreds of feet below. He couldn't possibly have crossed that steep-angled death-dealing shale slide there to the right. He couldn't have leaped the yawning chasm to the left. No? If you let yourself believe that,

nimrod, you'll never collect your ram. Those chunky and none too graceful appearing paradoxes of the peaks can go anywhere, up there. You can't, and you may kill yourself trying.

Let me tell you about a ram hunter who had the courage to try, but didn't believe all he'd heard about mountain sheep. He was a man who worked outdoors, and worked hard. He prided himself on thinking that he was always in good shape, and pretty tough. He hunted deer each fall in New England, which has some fair little hills to romp up. And he had made a trip one fall to Newfoundland after caribou. But he had a tremendous urge to bag a ram. Carefully he counted up his shekels, and one fall he left his job and took off for British Columbia.

The mountains near his camp looked
(Continued on page 47)

Armed for Big Game

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY
DONALD F. MOSS

MOST folks will admit that you can't have everything and curly hair too. Those who work hard and make a lot of money don't seem to have much fun; the rest of us don't make much money.

The same thing applies to guns. A rifle that might be ideal for hunting antelope in Wyoming wouldn't be so hot for moose in Quebec. First you have to decide where you'll be doing most of your hunting and what game you'll be after. Then you select the best rifle for your use. In addition, a man's own personal qualifications and limitations get into the picture, too.

One time in Ontario, when I was fishing with a couple of Ojibway Indians, we got to talking about moose hunting. It developed that, between them, they'd killed six or eight moose a year for food for themselves and their families. I asked what kind of gun they used. One of them indicated a battered 32-20 lever action leaning against a tree in camp.

I was incredulous. "You mean you kill moose with that?" I exclaimed. "Why, in a lot of states a 32-20 isn't even legal for deer."

"Moose feeding in lake," one of the guides explained. "Indian paddle up close, in canoe. Moose raise head. Indian shoot him behind ear. So 32-20 plenty good moose gun—for Indian." He grinned.

The implication was plain. An Indian would get close and shoot a moose behind the ear. A white man never could do that; consequently he'd need a more powerful rifle.

For the biggest North American game, such as moose, Alaskan brown bear and grizzly, most hunters want all the rifle they can get. Ordinarily, nothing lighter than the 270, 300 Savage or 35 Remington is even considered. The 348 Winchester, 30-06, 300 Magnum and 375 Magnum are preferred.

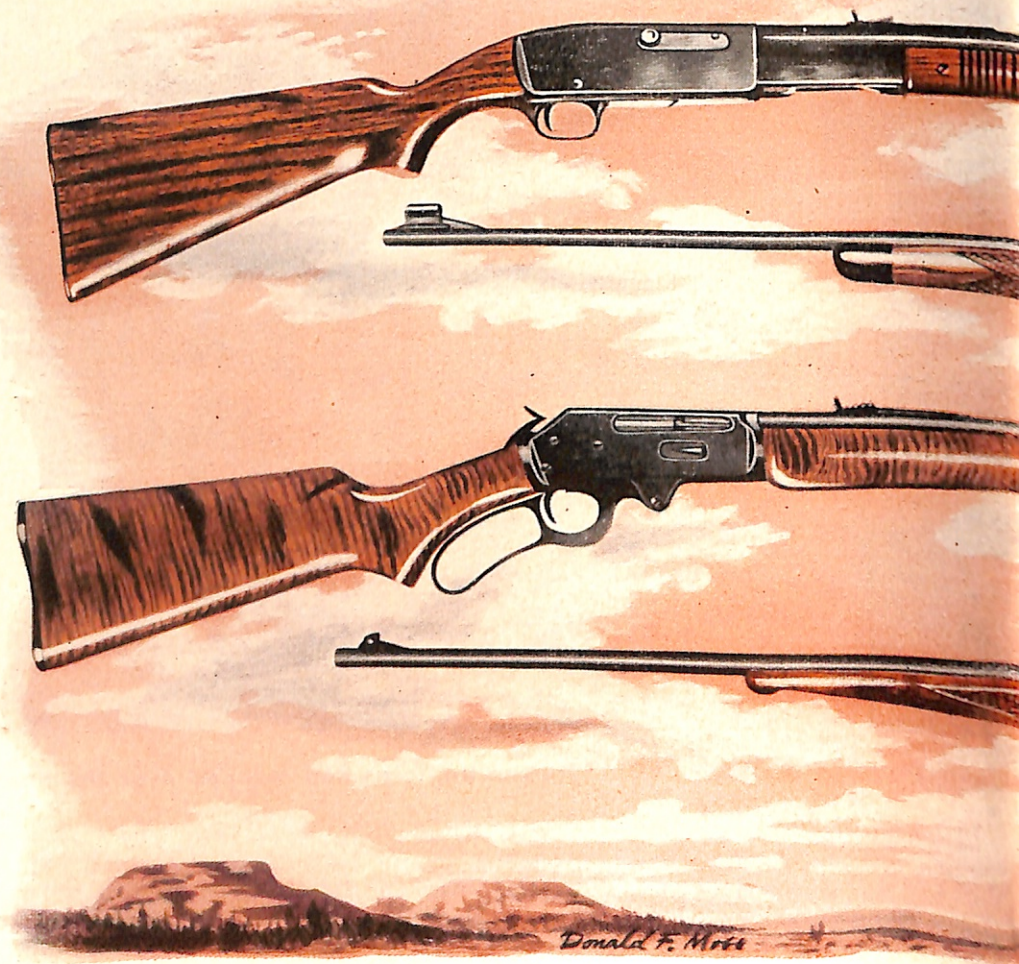
However, as Jim Bond, the well-known hunter and lecturer, points out in his

book, "America's Number One Trophy," there are other factors. He says, "I think it is the man behind the rifle much more than it is the rifle. I think, too, that a man is just as likely to be over-gunned going to Alaska (he was discussing Kodiak-bear hunting) as he is to be under-gunned. I have seen hunters with 375 Magnums flinch and shut their eyes when about to shoot because they were afraid of their rifles. The bullet no doubt went wild or hit the animal in a poor spot."

On larger game, a man certainly should use as heavy a caliber as he is

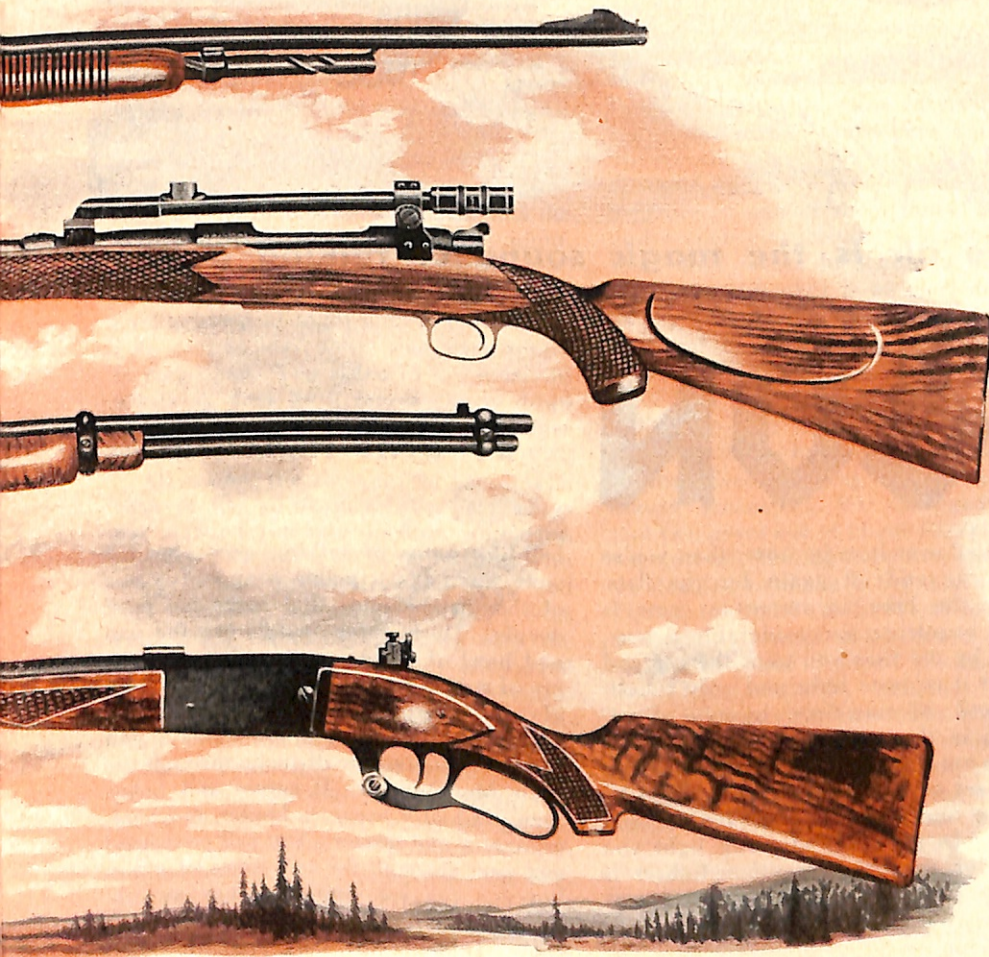
capable of shooting well. A fellow wants to remember, however, that one well-placed bullet from a rifle of medium power and moderate recoil is far more effective than a wild volley from a cannon. You can't afford to shut your eyes and trust to luck—although, admittedly, luck plays some funny tricks on hunters.

GLEN WOOLDRIDGE, the famous Rogue River guide of Grants Pass, Oregon, told me this one. Years ago he took a greenhorn deer hunting. They separated at the base of a mountain, agreeing to hunt up two parallel draws and



The ideal rifle and ammunition for big game depends on the locale and what you're after.

From top to bottom: Slide-action Remington Model 141 with open sights. Winchester 70 bolt-action, with Stith Bear Cub 2½x scope and mount. Marlin 336 lever-action carbine with open sights. Savage 99 lever-action equipped with a Lyman peep sight.



at an entirely different buck that was standing several yards away.

That kind of luck doesn't fall on a man more than once in a lifetime. Mostly, you'd better make the shot good—or have an alibi ready.

Fortunately, American sportsmen have a wonderful selection of rifles from which to choose the one best suited to their needs, thus helping to eliminate alibis.

Most of us don't hunt moose and grizzly bears. The various kinds of deer are by far the most popular big game, with the black bear coming second. What is a good deer rifle? Well, the answer depends largely on where you hunt. The scope-sighted 270 that would be ideal for mule deer in the open country of Wyoming, Montana or Idaho wouldn't be so hot in the hardwood forests of Pennsylvania or Michigan. It would be definitely
(Continued on page 45)

Examples of good and bad bullet performance.

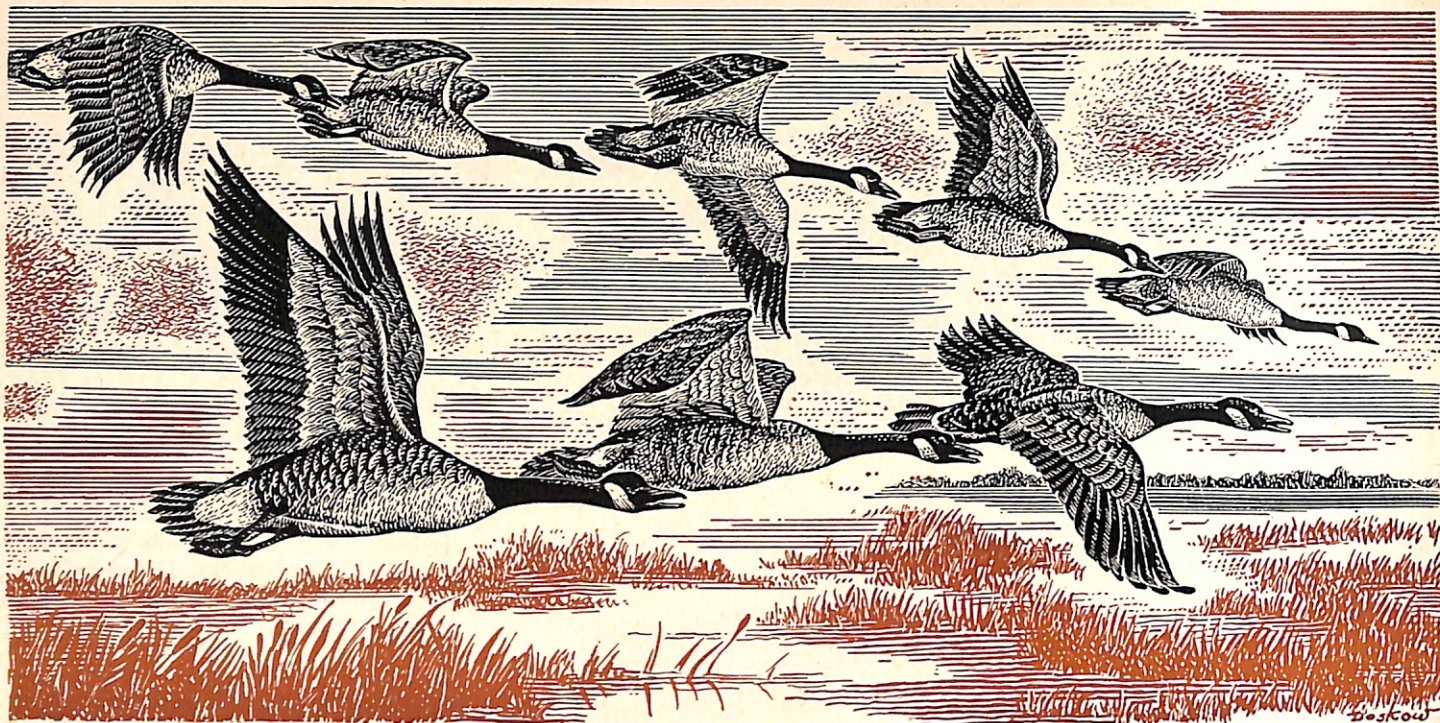
1—This is the very base of the jacket of a 180-grain, soft-point 30-06 bullet. It was lying on the bottom of the chest cavity of a deer shot from a steep angle above at a range of about 125 yards. It hit the shoulder bone going in and went to pieces. Although the lungs, heart and rib cage were sprayed with fragments of core and jacket, the hit was not immediately fatal. Poor bullet performance. 2—This is a 200-grain, soft-point 348 bullet that killed a deer at 240 yards. It pulverized about 15 inches of the spinal column. Good bullet performance. 3—This 170-grain soft-point bullet was recovered from a Rocky Mountain goat that was shot at a range of 25 yards with a 30-30. Although this bullet mushroomed perfectly, it was poorly directed and failed to reach a vital spot. Another shot was required to kill the goat. 4—This 130-grain Silvertip 270 bullet missed a deer about six inches at 450 yards and struck in moist earth. It was recovered to check the mushrooming at that range. Most of the jacket and core were torn off by the dirt; it probably would have expanded perfectly in the deer. 5—Beautiful mushrooming of a 130-grain Silvertip 270 bullet taken from a deer that it killed at 100 yards. This bullet expanded until it was about as big around as a nickel, but still held together. 6—Unfired 270 Silvertip bullet. Photo of the bullets and analysis by Ted Trueblood.

meet near a rocky point located on top of the mountain.

After half an hour, Glen heard a single shot. As a general rule, one shot means a dead deer; half a dozen mean a scared deer. He hurried around the hillside. Imagine his surprise, upon finding the tenderfoot, to discover that he had killed not one deer, but two. The bullet had passed through a big buck and hit a little forked-horn standing beside it.

Months later the hunter admitted that he hadn't even seen the deer he killed when he pulled the trigger. He had fired





It's early morning and in the air is the magic sound of talking geese.

ROD & GUN

BY DAN HOLLAND

IT'S 3:30 A.M., a half-hour ahead of the appointed time, when you finally get on your feet, stretch, and commence putting on your wool shirt, canvas pants and boots. This is the third morning you've gone through the same procedure, so it's routine. You wonder as you dress, as you wondered half the night, why it's so difficult to sleep before a hunting trip. There was no good reason for not sleeping, you kept telling yourself, especially since you had missed out the two previous nights, but of course at regular intervals you continued to squint one eye at the luminous dial of the clock as it slowly wound its way around to 3:30. It is too late now to get any sleep, so you quit trying, and it's good to be up and about at last.

When you arrive in the kitchen, Joe is already up and measuring out water for the coffee. Egbert isn't in evidence yet. When the coffee is made, you go up to Egbert's room and shake him into consciousness. You and Joe kid him about oversleeping, as he has done each morning, but secretly you envy him.

It's still dark when you pile into the car and start for the flats above the lake. It's still a long while until legal shooting time, but you want to be ready when the hour arrives. A half-mile from camp it occurs to Egbert that he has forgotten his gun. He started to the car with it, he insists, but a thorough check fails to uncover it. Before the second start, Egbert

is checked over item by item; then you're in the car and off again for the flats.

Near the lake an important gate is locked, requiring a considerable detour, so that by the time you park the car and pile out it is quite light and only a half-hour until shooting time. In spite of getting up in the middle of the night, you have to rush to get the silhouette goose decoys set and get yourself in position by shooting time. The geese are already moving. In the early morning light you notice for the first time that Egbert is wearing a red cap. You tactfully suggest he take it off and sit on it.

IT DOESN'T seem possible to miss, but it didn't seem possible the two mornings before either. The area is full of geese. They feed at night in the grain fields up the valley, then return to the lake for the day. You've set your decoys alongside an irrigation ditch not far from the lake. Some of the trading honkers are certain to pass directly overhead; the decoys stand out well, and the high grass alongside the ditch makes a perfect natural blind. The three of you stretch out flat on your backs in the dry ditch looking directly at the open sky, watching its color change to a richer and richer blue as morning comes. High peaks bordering the west side of the valley take on tips of gold as the sunlight touches them.

Far up the valley you hear the distant

bell-like notes of talking geese headed your way. It's a magic sound. It's one of the three sounds that move me most deeply. Those three sounds are the yap and howl of coyotes on a still night, the cry of a distant train whistle, and the talk of wild geese. This time it's geese. As you lie waiting in your blind, the sound carries an incredible distance through the clear Montana air. It comes and fades, then gradually becomes louder and louder, nearer and nearer. You roll your head and peer through the tall stems of grass, but you can see nothing. They are obviously getting close, but still they don't show. Undoubtedly they are flying low, which is fine, and they are headed directly for your set-up. From their position in the air they can already see the decoys. Suddenly they appear, not much more than a hundred yards up. You hear the rhythmic swish of their powerful wings along with the incessant babble of their talk. To a duck hunter who has never shot a goose, they look enormous. Their necks are stretched out and the white bibs under their chins show plainly. Your right hand tightens on the grip of your shotgun.

You know that you shouldn't so much as move an eye, but you can't keep from rolling your head slightly in company with their flight. Their necks seem to twist and turn as they pass over the silhouettes. They'll probably swing around

below and come back into the decoys, you tell yourself hopefully; but they don't. You watch the constantly shifting pattern of their V formation as they move on and on down the valley toward the lake. They never swerve or look back, and the clear notes of their talk fade in the distance. Your stomach muscles gradually relax and your shoulders sag against the ground.

When you raise on your elbows to look down the ditch toward Egbert and Joe, you notice that Egbert is calmly smoking a cigarette. When did he light that, you wonder.

The sunlight creeps slowly down the sides of the mountains and the sky takes on the intense blue that only a Western sky can produce. Other flights of geese move down the valley, some to the east and some to the west of your location, but none passes overhead. A slight breeze rustles the grass about you and brings a faint aroma of the sagebrush from the foothills above the irrigated land. The bed of the ditch suddenly feels quite soft, far more comfortable than did the mattress of your bed during the night. You close your eyes involuntarily, wondering for the moment why it's so difficult to sleep at night and why, now that you want to stay alert, your eyes refuse to stay open. You listen to the music of a talking flock as it moves slowly down the river and fades farther and farther into the distance.

All at once the air is full of geese. The rush of the air through their set wings has startled you into opening your eyes, and there they are: 50 or 60 of them with wings bowed, necks stretched down and feet dangling, not 30 feet directly over your head. They're swooping into the decoys. In a split second they've swerved up. Something about the silhouettes doesn't look just right and they are fanning the air for altitude. There's no time to lose. Your right hand is still on the grip of your 12-gauge and you sit up and bring the gun to your shoulder in one motion. You cover the head of the first one as he climbs. You squeeze the trigger and the 6s cut him down. Immediately you swing onto another and fire the second barrel, but you miss clean. Actually you're still watching the first one out of the corner of your eye to make sure you really got him. It's the first Canada goose you ever dropped.

About that time you hear Joe's 20-gauge go off down the ditch. The geese are already a long shot off by the time the bark of your gun aroused him and he could get into action. One goose drops slowly from the flock as Joe shoots, but catches itself and climbs back to join the others. They're a good 60 yards out now, but Joe aims deliberately and fires the second barrel. The same goose falters and angles slowly down to earth in a power dive. You realize that you've never seen a more remarkable shot. Joe had been asleep when you shot yours, yet he came to and managed to hit one of the

rapidly moving birds with both barrels and bring him down just before he got out of range.

Both you and Joe are on your feet now. You've forgotten about Egbert until he pops his head out of the ditch grass between you, blinking his eyes like an owl in the sunlight.

"What's going on?" he wants to know.

You feel somewhat foolish yourself for having been caught napping, but you realize that if everyone hadn't been asleep, or nearly so, someone probably would have made a false move to warn them off. A Canada goose doesn't need much of a hint that all's not well. As it turned out, there'll be roast goose on the table, complete with apple dressing and all the trimmings.

In Montana, where I managed to shoot my first goose much in the fashion described above, there were many geese in the area, probably more of them in actual number than there were ducks, and apparently there were no other hunters. It would appear to be a cinch to take the measure of one of them there, but even under such circumstances a goose is no fool. And where he's hunted hard and regularly, a honker is as alert and wary as any game bird, and in his extreme caution the Canada goose is almost in a class with any game animal.

LIKE the wild turkey, a goose is something the hunter can consider a trophy. Even bringing in one can make a season successful. We managed to get just two geese out of about 10,000, but we were proud. Having been that successful, we decided to make a big day out of it. First, we walked the banks of one of the meandering creeks which flowed into the main river, and jumped ducks. There were teal, mallards, widgeon, gadwall and a few other varieties. The best shooting—at least the most exasperating—was provided by the blue-wing teal. Only during an early season does the northern gunner have a chance at these little fire-

balls because they are among the first to migrate. I had watched many of them in this same area while trout fishing in the summer, but I had never before had the opportunity to shoot at one—and shoot at them was about all I did.

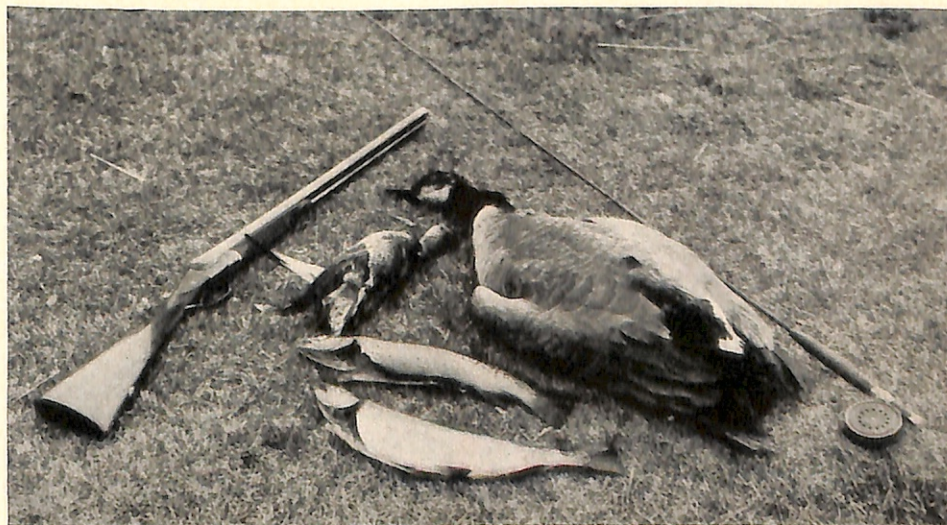
A startled teal bounces straight up off the water—as though he has sat on a hot stove; then he levels off just over the willows and lights out with the speed of an overgrown hummingbird. I don't know much about the actual flight speed of a teal; I doubt if anyone does accurately. I don't even know how it compares with that of a goose; likely on the straight-away there isn't much difference in their air speed, but the comparative size of the two birds makes the teal appear to be traveling at an incredible rate. Shooting first at one then the other can play havoc with a man's sense of lead.

These particular bluewings would head up the creek away from us when jumped; then, after an interval of a minute or two, would swing around and come directly back down the creek under full power. After we jumped one—and missed, we waited for his return trip. We knew he was coming any moment, that he would be about 30 feet up, just skimming the willow tops, and that he would be barreling along like the midnight mail. I wish I were there waiting for one right now. With enough teal and enough shells, I think I might get one eventually, if I were really lucky.

That afternoon we went trout fishing. The trout season in Montana remains open right into the shooting season. The fishing is good there any time, although it improves toward the end of summer—say, in August; gets even better in September, and is best at the very end of the season. Of course, there isn't much time for fishing after hunting commences, but when the fishing is that good, not much time is necessary. However, it produces a difficult situation. I had failed to complete a limit of ducks in the morning, so

(Continued on page 44)

Photo by Dan Holland



The enviable results of one of Dan Holland's good days—a goose, a duck (widgeon) and two 20-inch trout (a brown and a rainbow).

Business Outlook

For Rest of the Year



BY DR. MARCUS NADLER

Dr. Nadler is Professor of Finance at New York University. This article is a follow-up of his forecasts for business conditions in 1951 which ran in our January and May issues.

IN THE May issue of *The Elks Magazine*, in analyzing the outlook for business for the second quarter of 1951, I stated: "The outlook for business activity in the immediate future is uneven. In all likelihood the soft goods industries will witness a downward readjustment caused primarily by inventory liquidation. On the other hand, the general level of business activity is bound to be high, with the over-all volume limited only by the availability of raw materials, productive capacity and manpower". This forecast has been borne out. During the second quarter the soft goods industries, and some types of durable consumers' goods as well, were adversely affected by the huge accumulation of inventories and in many instances prices were reduced in order to move merchandise. At the same time, business activity remained at a high level and the shortages of some commodities, notably metals, became even more pronounced than before.

In discussing the outlook for prices in the same article, I stated that "It may be expected that before long the general level of prices will reach a plateau." This, too, has taken place; in fact, the index of wholesale prices declined from 184 in March (with 1926=100) to 177 at the middle of August.

THE OUTLOOK

As during the past months, the outlook for business activity in the period ahead will be greatly influenced by international political developments. Cessation of hostilities in Korea, accompanied by a general improvement in the international political situation, would remove the inflation psychosis, and the present lull in

buying could continue for a longer time than otherwise would be the case. Many people would adopt the attitude that, with the danger of war eliminated, the supply of commodities available for consumption is bound to be ample and hence anticipatory buying is not needed. Since stocks of goods in the hands of ultimate consumers are still very large, many families could further postpone the buying of certain commodities. On the other hand, a deterioration in the international political situation could easily renew the fear of inflation and again lead to a rush of buying not only by individual consumers but also by merchants and manufacturers.

Irrespective of the international political situation, however, it may be expected that the rearmament program will continue. By now the aims of the Soviet Union have been fully revealed to the liberty-loving peoples. They realize it would be utter folly to abandon the present program, which is designed to restore the international balance of power throughout the world and to end Russia's preponderance of military strength.

The soft goods industries, as well as certain types of durable consumers' goods, such as television sets and radios, are likely to come out of their readjustment in the not-distant future. To understand what lies ahead one has to analyze first what brought about the present readjustment. Primarily it was caused by the huge volume of anticipatory buying by consumers during the early part of the year. This was accompanied by the accumulation of large inventories by merchants and manufacturers, which at the end of May 1951 amounted to about \$70

billion, virtually the highest on record. The situation was further aggravated by the change adopted in the open market policy of the Federal Reserve authorities, which brought about somewhat higher interest rates and a tightening of bank credit. The tightening of credit was felt particularly by small and medium-sized companies, which in some instances were over-extended. Gradually, however, the goods held by consumers are being used up and serious efforts are being made by merchants and manufacturers to liquidate inventories, at times even at a loss.

PURCHASING POWER RISING

The demand for soft goods and for certain types of durable consumers' goods depends largely on the purchasing power at the disposal of the people, which is large and steadily increasing. Disposable personal income, i.e., total personal income less taxes, increased from an annual rate of \$198 billion in June 1950 to \$215 billion at the end of 1950 and stood at \$223 billion in June 1951. Employment is plentiful, with over 61 million people gainfully employed. Wages are high and are still mounting. All this means that the purchasing power in the hands of the people is rising. While savings tended to increase during the second quarter of the year, consumer buying is bound to be large in the coming months.

The present readjustment in soft goods and in some of the durable consumers' goods industries may last a few more weeks, but in the Fall these industries in all probability will show an improvement. Experience during the early summer clearly demonstrated that the people are price-conscious, and if prices should again resume their upward swing buyers' resistance may again be evidenced. On the other hand, the manufacturer or merchant who makes a serious effort to sell good quality merchandise at reasonable prices will have a ready market for his products.

The hard goods industries, particularly those using scarce materials such as steel, aluminum, copper and other metals, will record a further reduction in the output of commodities for civilian consumption. While the Controlled Materials Plan is endeavoring to distribute the available supplies of scarce commodities without too great disruption of the economy, it is evident that an increasing amount of these materials will have to be devoted to the output of armaments and the needs of essential industries.

Military expenditures are being accelerated at a rapid rate and the percentage of the gross national product absorbed by defense industries is bound to rise. Whereas in August about 11 per cent of the gross national product, i.e., all the goods and services produced, were used for defense purposes, toward the end of the year or the early part of next year the proportion may amount to 18 or 20 per cent—and this in spite of the fact

(Continued on page 37)

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

FOLLOWING his election to the highest office in the Order, Howard R. Davis of Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, attended a meeting of **CHICAGO (SOUTH) LODGE, ILL., NO. 1596**, following a dinner with 200 members and their guests to whom E.R. John P. Reinert introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Prior to beginning his lodge visits, Mr. Davis spent two weeks in his Williamsport office and on July 24th, was guest of honor at the Golden Jubilee of **LEWISTOWN, PA., LODGE, NO. 663**, when he addressed several thousand persons at an outdoor meeting and assisted E.R. Fern B. Stuck and MC John Wilson in cutting a 250-pound birthday cake.

Another Fiftieth Anniversary celebration on July 26th took place at **JACKSONVILLE, ILL., LODGE, NO. 682**, with the Order's new leader as the principal speaker, after his introduction by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. The interesting program was ably handled by E.R. Thomas K. Kline and Club Manager Denham Harney, assisted by D.D. Charles W. Clabaugh.

The following day found the Grand Exalted Ruler as the special guest of **LEBANON, IND., LODGE, NO. 635**, at its own Golden Anniversary affair. Introduced by his predecessor, Joseph B. Kyle, Mr. Davis addressed the special lodge session which had been called by E.R. Paul McGinley. Following his talk, the Grand Exalted Ruler received a check for \$250 for the Elks National Foundation from P.E.R. Charles F. Thompson. Among the many dignitaries present were State Pres. Roy Jorg and D.D. Russell Chambers.

On the 28th, Mr. Davis held his first
(Continued on page 53)



The Grand Exalted Ruler's party at the North Carolina Elks Assn. Boys Camp near Hendersonville.



In Jacksonville, Ill., for the local Elks' Golden Jubilee festivities were, left to right D.D. W. E. Queen, State Pres. William S. Wolf, Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, State Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, E.R. T. K. Kline, former State Treas. C. W. Clabaugh, P.E.R. Denham Harney and Past Pres. Daniel T. Cloud.



The Order's new leader is welcomed to Chicago, (South), Ill., Lodge. Left to right: P.E.R. N. P. Weaver, Est. Loyal Knight Dr. F. Farrell, Est. Lead. Knight M. W. Lee, D.D. F. T. Sedlacek, E.R. J. P. Reinert, Mr. Davis, F. J. Schraeder, Asst. to the Grand Secy., State Pres. W. S. Wolf and Est. Lect. Knight B. L. Daly.

Elks Cerebral Palsy Crusade



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, right, a member of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, presents a \$1,500 check from the Elks National Foundation to State Pres. Nelson E. W. Stuart for the Cerebral Palsy Center, at the Ohio Elks Spring Conference.

THE Elks' ever-increasing efforts to alleviate the suffering of the thousands of unfortunate cerebral palsy victims in this country bring frequent and heartwarming reports to your Magazine. The latest selection concerns the membership of several widespread areas.

First of all, it will give the entire Order great gratification to learn of the fulfillment of the four-year-old ambitious dream and hard work of the Elks of Clifton, Paterson and Passaic, N. J. More than 1,500 people visited their Cerebral Palsy Center in Clifton when it was dedicated recently. The beautiful, 11-room, air-conditioned structure, a model for all cerebral palsy institutions, has a capacity for caring for 50 children a day, and introduces a new service for the cerebral pal-

sied. A combination kindergarten and nursery enables the children to get pre-school training, at the same time relieving their mothers of the burden of caring for the needs of these little unfortunates for several hours daily. A regular scholastic curriculum, supervised by Clifton's Board of Education, begins this month.

In preparing these children's future, the Elks arranged with Stevens Institute of Technology's department of psychological studies to test each child. The data so secured will help the Center's personnel in directing the children's vocational training. Stevens' psychologists have developed a new series of tests, since standard measurements of aptitude and knowledge could not be applied previously.

The Elks of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, No. 841, have reported a recent donation made at the opening of a community drive for funds, conducted by the local Chapter of the Cerebral Palsy Society, headed by Hon. Joseph A. McKinney, P.D.D. The gift was a fine new station wagon which was presented by E.R. Edward T. Curry and accepted by a four-year-old victim, Nancy DeLeo. This lodge has made many valuable contributions to the Society this year—a \$500 donation in February, the \$210 proceeds of its Charity Ball in March, the \$500 proceeds of a card party in May, and the \$1,944 station wagon.

Since 1948, when a resolution was presented by Las Cruces Lodge to the New Mexico State Elks Assn. delegates recommending that cerebral palsy be made the primary concern of all lodges in the State, no time was lost in its adoption, or in getting the program under way. There are approximately 750 cerebral palsied children in New Mexico, and through the Elks' concentrated efforts, help is being made available to all of them. Effective educational programs are conducted regularly with State Pres. Raymond Arias and his Committee in charge. The 7,000 New Mexico Elks have contributed personally nearly \$90,000 toward the construction of a Cerebral Palsy Training Center for their State.

The \$100,000 campaign of the 100,000 Elks of California to bring aid to the sufferers there is well under way. State Pres. Ben W. Osterman recently turned over a \$5,000 check to UCLA, the first contribution in the campaign to bring science and research to battle against this crippling disease. The campaign will also make available 25 scholarships for training cerebral



Pictured when officers and Committeemen of Tucson, Ariz., Lodge presented \$1,750 in checks to Sister Felix, representing St. Mary's Hospital, Miss Nordahl, representing the Southern Ariz. Cerebral Palsy Foundation and Mr. Weeks, representing the Tucson Medical Center.



At the Colo. Elks Conference dignitaries watch Dr. Edwin Haefeli, standing left, present Greeley Lodge's \$5,000 check to Committee Chairman John Goder, Jr., seated right, for Elks Laradon Hall, maintained for muscular atrophied children by the Colorado State Elks Assn.

palsy personnel, and a mobile unit, consisting of two specially equipped cars which will be operated by skilled therapists, is being established to bring the necessary special instruction to parents in isolated areas. Of the 97 lodges in the State, 82 have already pledged a \$1-per-member contribution to this program.

One of the highlights of the recent seasonal conference of the Ohio Elks Assn. whose cerebral palsy work is well known, was the presentation of \$1,500 to the Center in Canton. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, whose leadership has been largely responsible for the development of the plan in Ohio, on behalf of the Elks National Foundation made the presentation to State Pres. Nelson E. W. Stuart. At a later date, Mr. Stuart also received a \$900 contribution for the Canton Center from New Philadelphia Lodge, and a \$600 check from Dover Lodge.

OUR members will be gratified to learn of the recognition given the Elks National Foundation's program, wherein potential cerebral palsy therapists may receive training through scholarships granted by the Foundation.



Left to right: N. Y. State Cerebral Palsy Society Pres. E. R. Hook, E. R. E. T. Curry of Staten Island, N. Y., Lodge, Nancy De Leo, P.D.D. J. A. McKinney, Campaign Chairman, and J. J. O'Connor Crippled Children's Committee Chairman, when the Elks gave this station wagon to the Society.

Right: When Calif. State Pres. B. W. Osterman visited Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, he received 1,500 silver dollars for the Calif. Elks Cerebral Palsy Project from E.R. Dr. C. D. Ryan, protected by police officers Wm. Nichols and Roy Bean.



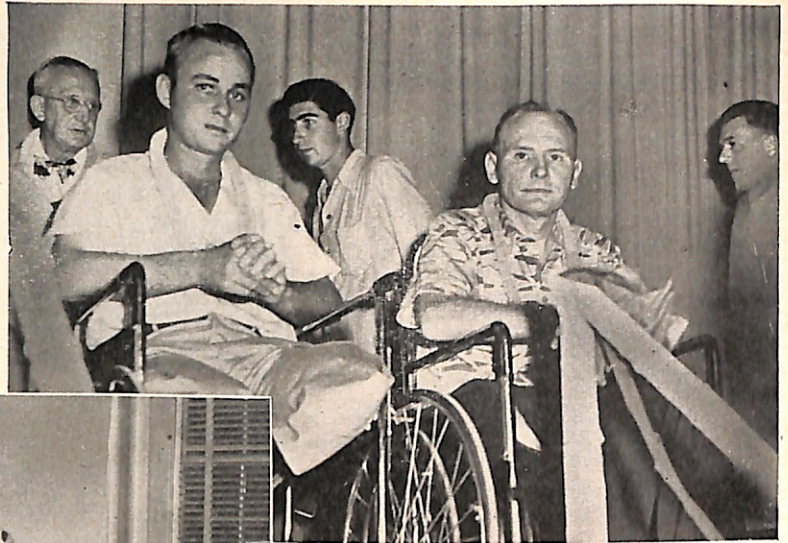
The first \$5,000 in the \$100,000 campaign for cerebral palsy victims is given to UCLA officials by Calif. Elk dignitaries. Left to right: Vice-Chairman C. P. Hebenstreit, State Pres. Osterman, Dr. H. W. Magoun of UCLA, Laboratory Technician Mrs. Grete Schulmann and Elk Committeeman V. R. Huck.



The August, 1951, issue of "The Physical Therapy Review", official publication of the American Physical Therapy Assn., carries a fine editorial praising the Foundation's educational program. It closes with: "The American Physical Therapy Association wishes to extend congratulations and appreciation to the Elks National Foundation for making it possible for interested, qualified physical therapists to be better prepared to serve the cerebral palsied patients." In another section, the editors listed the necessary steps to be followed in filing an application for one of these grants.

Left: Cerebral palsied youngsters try the relaxing chairs and tables in one of the two classrooms of the Passaic County, N. J., Elks Cerebral Palsy Center, following its dedication.

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES



Above are some of the disabled veterans who are entertained by the Florida Elks at frequent, well-planned parties at the Veterans Hospital at Coral Gables.



Above: Officials of Medford, Mass., Lodge, with some of their guests, at the Chelsea Naval Hospital during a Mass. State Assn.-sponsored show. Standing, left to right: P.D.D. James Kelleher and E.R. James Mozzicato; seated: P.E.R. Martin Doyle, Jr., Est. Lect. Knight Joseph Novelline, Est. Lead. Knight Henry Hormel.



Above: Ambulatory VA Hospital patients, surrounded by Texas Elk-provided entertainers during a musical program at the U. S. Marine Hospital in Galveston.



Above: War casualties at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, D. C., photographed as they watched a special show put on for them by Md., Dela. and D. C. Elks.

Right: This photograph shows some of the 80 veterans at the Army and Navy General Hospital who enjoyed an entertainment sponsored by the Veterans Service Committee of Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge.



Elks Answer Flood Appeal



Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis meeting at Topeka, Kan., with the Chairmen of the Lodge Flood Relief Committees. Seated left to right: Charles M. Sugar, Kansas City, Mo., Grand Exalted Ruler Davis and F. T. Pucka, Lawrence, Kan. Standing left to right: Fred Keller, Topeka, Fred Beck, Manhattan, Kan., Matt Witt, Abilene, Kan., and H. L. Larson, Ottawa, Kan.

Lodge Contributions to Relief Fund Reach \$50,000

ELK lodges had contributed over \$50,000 to Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis' fund for the relief of flood victims in Kansas, Oklahoma and Missouri within two weeks after his appeal.

Eight lodges in the tri-state area had received \$37,000 in initial disbursements, and additional grants were to be made as fast as the relief machinery could function. Elk relief funds were used to provide food, clothing, household necessities and to cover many other needs as the thousands in the flood region labored to dig out of the debris and restore their homes, or locate temporary quarters to replace homes that were destroyed.

Grand Exalted Ruler Davis was scheduled to visit Ottawa lodge on September 6, when he planned to confer with chairmen of the relief committees of lodges in the flood zone. Heavy rains sent the Kansas river out of its banks again shortly before that date. Ottawa was isolated, and the conference was transferred to Topeka. Ottawa's business section was inundated, and residents of North Topeka were forced to flee their homes a second time in two months, but fortunately the waters receded quickly and damage was comparatively light. The Grand Exalted Ruler voiced his deep appreciation for the way in which lodges throughout the country responded to his appeal for aid for flood victims.

In addition to a grant of \$5,000 from

the Grand Exalted Ruler's Fund, Ottawa, Kans., Lodge, No. 803, appropriated \$2,000 from its own treasury for relief. The lodge decided to use a large part of these funds to provide children with clothing and text books for school opening in September. Lawrence Lodge, No. 595, decided to make similar use of a \$3,000 grant.

Members of Topeka Lodge, No. 204, raised \$20,000—half from the lodge treasury and half by individual contributions—and received \$10,000 from the Grand Exalted Ruler's Fund to aid 750 families left destitute by the inundation. The lodge's program is to supply each family with a bed, mattress, kitchen table, chairs, chest of drawers and an oil stove for every family that can return to its home. The lodge's relief committee established headquarters in a school building.

A \$10,000 contribution was made to Manhattan Lodge, No. 1185, which decided to use the funds for the relief of 150 members and their families whose losses were so extreme that they needed all help possible. While the lodge building here was flooded almost to the second floor, Elks and their ladies operated a food canteen from the building that served 900 flood workers with their only food for 11 days.

For the relief of 4,300 families who lost their homes in the devastated sections of Armourdale and Argentine, in

Kansas City, Kans., a \$5,000 contribution was made to Kansas City, Mo., Lodge, No. 26.

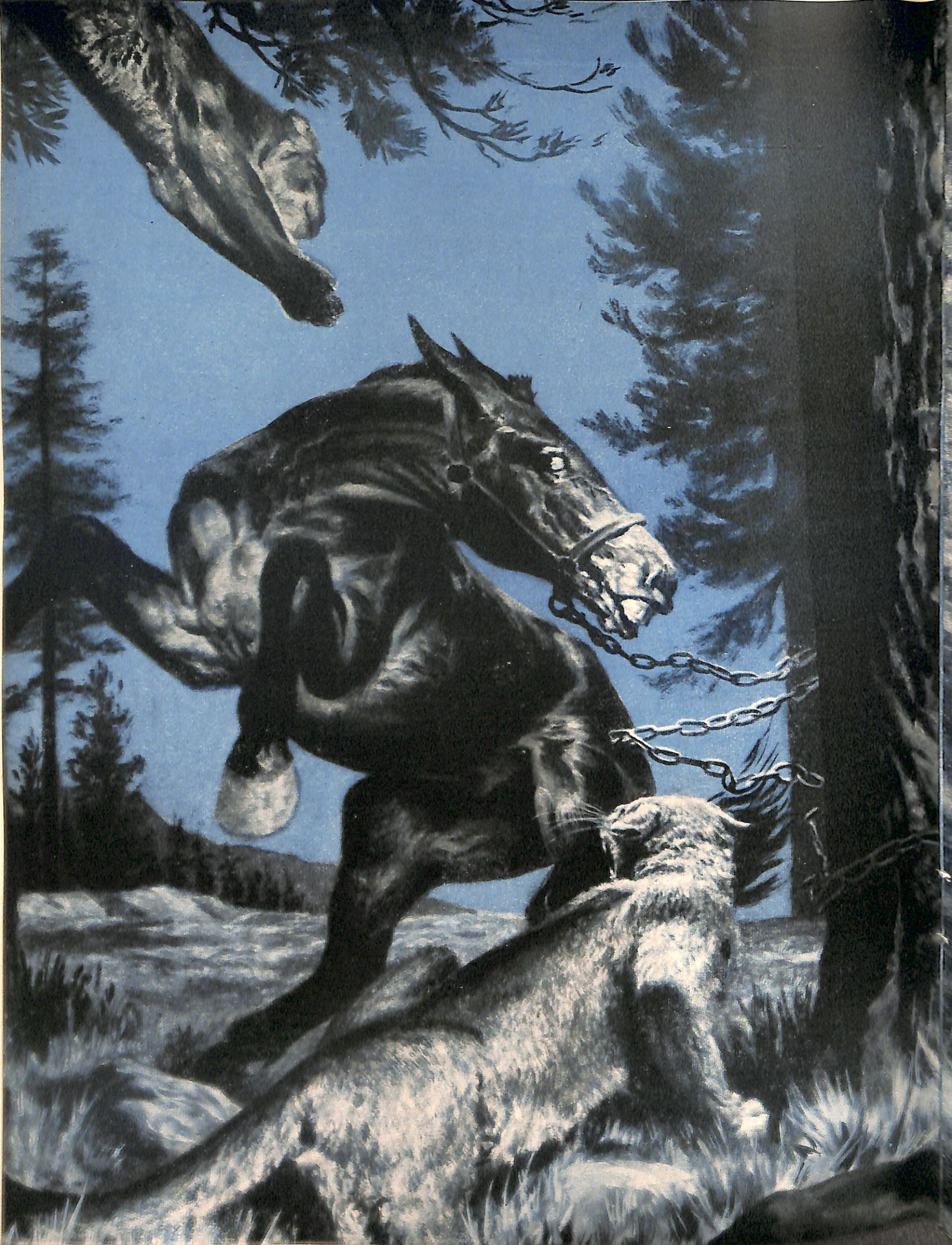
Although Abilene Lodge, No. 1675, was damaged when the flood waters covered that city, the lodge decided that it didn't need outside help and voted to use a \$1,000 grant for the relief of the residents of the small, neighboring town of Solomon, which was completely inundated.

A grant of \$1,000 was made to Iola Lodge, No. 569, for the aid of members who suffered heavy losses. The flood found this lodge in a bad financial situation owing to the loss by fire of its home two years ago.

Miami, Okla., a city of 11,000, was severely damaged by flood waters. The 150 members of Miami Lodge, No. 1320, gratefully accepted a contribution of \$2,000 and it will be used to provide school children with clothing and school supplies.

Special Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Frasor, who headed the relief program for the Grand Exalted Ruler, advised that lodges in Chanute and Osawatimie, Kans., and Jefferson City and St. Louis, Mo., reported no need of outside assistance. Towns in Illinois also were found to be in no need of aid.

Special committees were appointed in each case to receive relief funds and disburse them in conformity with previously agreed upon programs.



KILLER MULE

*It didn't seem fair for Blackie to
lose the fight he hadn't started.*

BY JOHN REESE ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT DOARES

SICK at heart, old Duffy Eades looked down at the dead man, who lay in a smashed huddle beside the wheel team. It was barely daylight, but a ring of people closed in quickly. It bothered old Duffy, that closed-in feeling. Someone said, "Killed another one, didn't he?"

Bill Meyers, the deputy sheriff who ran this town the way the Constitution of the United States said it couldn't be run, came shouldering through. He looked down at the dead man and then up at Duffy, who stood there pulling at his scruff of gray beard.

"How did it happen?"

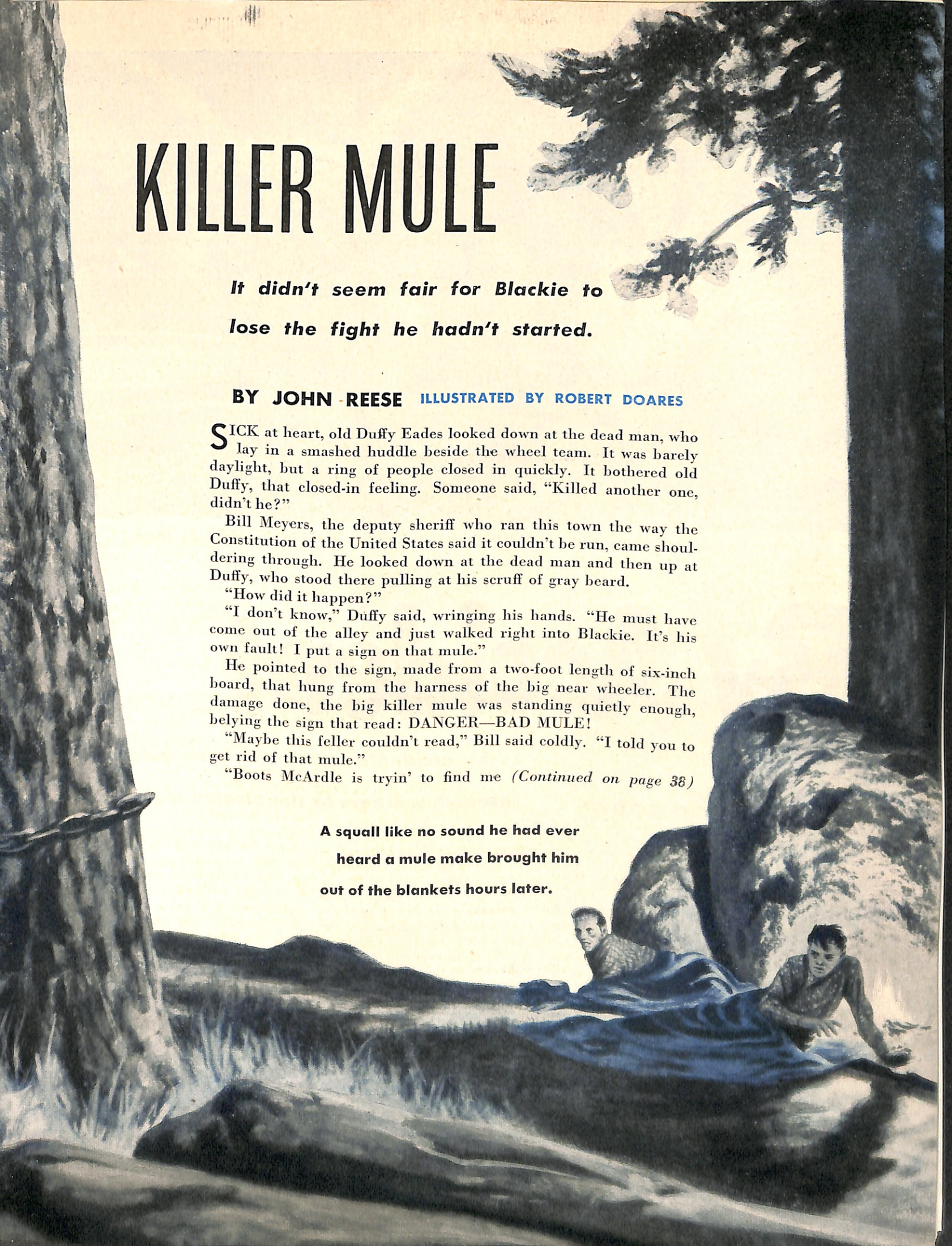
"I don't know," Duffy said, wringing his hands. "He must have come out of the alley and just walked right into Blackie. It's his own fault! I put a sign on that mule."

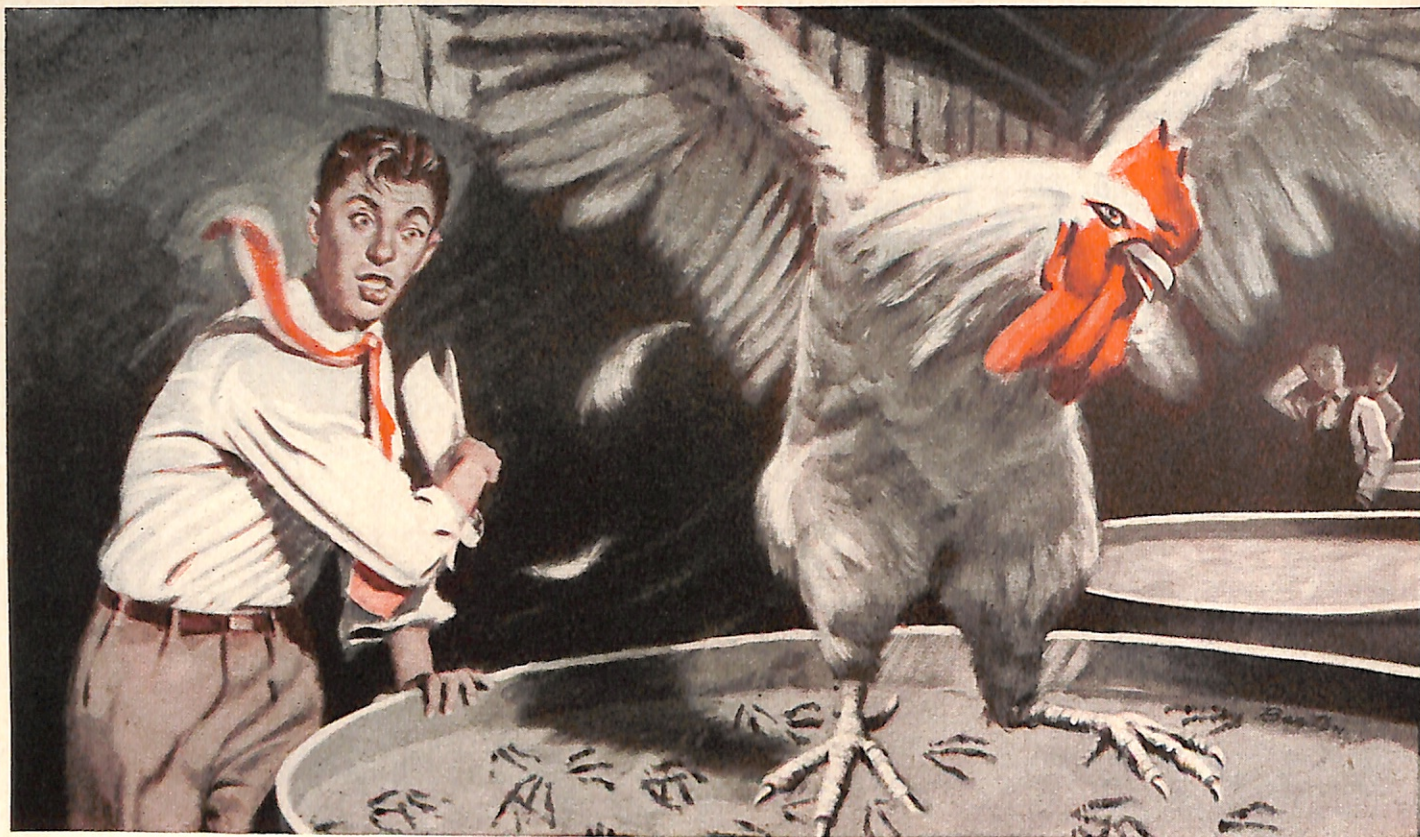
He pointed to the sign, made from a two-foot length of six-inch board, that hung from the harness of the big near wheeler. The damage done, the big killer mule was standing quietly enough, belying the sign that read: DANGER—BAD MULE!

"Maybe this feller couldn't read," Bill said coldly. "I told you to get rid of that mule."

"Boots McArdle is tryin' to find me (Continued on page 38)

**A squall like no sound he had ever
heard a mule make brought him
out of the blankets hours later.**





He found that where the rooster had stepped the sugar was as white as snow.

By Accident

*Lucky accidents sometimes have guided
research workers to the elusive answer.*

BY HARRY BOTSFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY BARTON

HE HAD been setting type for ten solid, monotonous hours. Tired, and thinking about other things, he scarcely noticed that a finger had been rubbed raw. Printing was his trade, but, in his spare time, he was an amateur chemist. He had experimented in many ways, trying to find a substitute for ivory. His sore finger was destined to point the way to the solution.

A newspaper had offered a prize of \$10,000 for a suitable substitute for ivory. There was a heavy demand for this product but, since elephants were scarce and duties high, the price was soaring. The printer desperately needed the prize money, but his experiments had been fruitless.

A clock on the wall chimed the end of the day. He hung up his apron, washed his hands, and suddenly realized that he had a very sore finger. Warily, he walked across the print shop, opened the door of a small medicine cabinet and reached for a bottle of liquid cuticle, or collodion, which printers use as a protective coating when their fingers became raw from setting type. He swore in a tired sort of way. Someone had carelessly left the bottle uncorked and it had been upset, spilling the contents, which had solidified into pyroxylin. He picked up a gob of the mass and moulded it in an absent-minded way. Suddenly, he whistled in astonishment and joy. Here was a substance that might be made into a substitute for ivory.

Later, he took the pyroxylin, added camphor, and came up with the basic formula for celluloid, a product which

could be placed in a hot press and moulded into many useful forms.

John Wesley Hyatt, of Albany, won the prize of \$10,000, and a substantial fortune, because of his accidentally discovered formula. He never tried to deny that its discovery was pure accident. Celluloid was the forerunner of our modern plastics and still has a tremendously wide use in many fields.

Modern industrial research has performed miracles. Yet, every honest scientist acknowledges that many of the most useful inventions and formulas originated by sheer accident.

Indigo dye is a primary example of discovery by accident, plus intensive research. Originally the dye was made from a tropical plant, but the cost was high. Perhaps this high-cost factor was responsible for a group of German scientists turning their genius for research to

the stern business of finding a cheap synthetic substitute for the Oriental product. Years of labor, countless experiments were involved in the search, carried out with Teutonic thoroughness. The chemists finally reduced indigo to component units and successfully synthesized it. But, they discovered that they were a long way from their objective. The synthetic dye was of undeniable excellence, but its cost was unreasonably high.

The experiments continued; every step was patiently and precisely checked and appraised. One day a chemist leaned over a boiling vat of the dye mixture to make a temperature reading. A big thermometer was used and eventually the batch of experimental dye was ready for analysis. To the amazement of the chemist, the residue of synthetic dye was many times in excess of what they had been able to secure in similar tests. It wasn't difficult to find the answer. The mercury from a broken thermometer had created a major chemical miracle and pointed dramatically to the way to success.

Using this accident as a basis for further research, the Germans developed a cheap synthetic indigo dye which they were able to produce so cheaply that for years they had a virtual corner of world markets, even in the Orient where indigo plants grow.

SOME accidental discoveries of great industrial value come in curious ways. On a zero-cold day, a worker in the Pennsylvania oil fields saw a piece of ice catch on fire and burn furiously—an incredible occurrence. But the explanation was easily found.

Oil wells also produce natural gas which is piped to oil field homes and to areas where it is used as fuel. In zero temperatures, low places in the gas lines freeze and the supply of gas is cut off. The remedy is to unscrew the pipe at the point where it is frozen and thaw out the obstruction over a fire. On this day, the oil field worker's eyes widened as he noticed the ice in the end of the pipe catch fire and burn like a devil's torch. Being a curious and intelligent man, he took another piece of pipe that also was frozen solid and pounded out the frozen obstructions into a pail which he carried to an engine house. When it had melted, it smelled like natural gas and appeared to be highly volatile, so he held lighted match over the liquid. Almost like an explosion, it caught fire and blazed high, almost firing the engine house.

In this way, one man's curiosity about a freak accident led to the discovery of the principle of making what is known in the oil fields as "casing head gasoline". Today, it is made by the millions of gallons and blended with refinery gasoline to produce a motor fuel. The most modern scientific methods and machinery are used to make it and the cash value of the by-product is almost astronomical.

Yet, there was a time when only one

oil producer made a few gallons of "casing head gasoline" by the simple process of piping natural gas, under pressure, through coils of pipe installed in a cold spring, and then capturing the resultant condensation.

Printing, especially the engravings of the type used to reproduce the drawings and photographs in this magazine, owe much to happy accident. In Florence centuries ago, a skilled and observant goldsmith, one Tomaso Finnegura, noted an unusual phenomena. He was working in *niello* process, the secret of which then was carefully guarded. It consisted of

taking gold or silver pieces that had been engraved and chased and filling the spaces with powdered silver and sulphur. This mixture then was rubbed with a mixture of charcoal and olive oil, producing a lovely alloy or enamel. One day Tomaso spilled some melted sulphur into the lampblack and olive coating on a piece of engraved gold and a solid sheet resulted. When removed from the original, there remained on the sheet a precise facsimile of the original engraving on the gold ornament. When this sheet was inked, it reproduced an exact copy of the
(Continued on page 52)



To his amazement, it caught fire and blazed high.

News of the Lodges

Oneida, N. Y., Elks Take Full Responsibility for Bloodmobile Visit

During its existence, Oneida Lodge No. 767 had frequent occasion to accept the plaudits of the community, but the visit of the Red Cross Bloodmobile to Oneida one summer day in 1951 brought more honor to the lodge than any other event. For it was on that day that 124 members of the lodge donated a pint of blood to the Red Cross on the mobile unit's third regional visit.

It all started when the Elks were asked to secure about 25 members to sign up as

donors. Instead, No. 767 undertook to sponsor the entire program that day, and have Elks only supply the blood. Est. Loyal Knight Arthur Olin was appointed Chairman of the hard-working committee which, after a few weeks had signed up 186 members.

When the bloodmobile arrived, the lodge home and all its facilities were put at its disposal, and between noon and six p.m. it took on the appearance of a small hospital. All 186 Elks turned up, to be examined and, if accepted, to make their donation; only 62 were rejected. Lunches were served to the donors and workers by the membership which received the greatest praise from both the Red Cross officials, and the other citizens of Oneida.

Prominent Pittsfield, Mass., Elk Passes Away After Long Illness

Michael L. Eisner, a P.E.R. of Pittsfield Lodge No. 272, passed away Aug. 6th at the age of 73. A former city official and an attorney for 50 years, Mr. Eisner was a member of the State Legislature in 1905. Mr. Eisner was an active Elk for many years, and when he was appointed District Deputy for Mass. West, he was the first Pittsfield Elk to hold that office in 20 years. He was the second member of the lodge to receive the gold membership card, the traditional evidence of an Honorary Life Membership, and he was closely linked with the lodge's progress.

Affiliated with various other organizations, among them the Shrine, Masons, B'nai B'rith, and the American Bar Assn., Mr. Eisner was to have been honored later in the month by the lawyers of the Berkshire Bar Assn. in an observance of his 50th year at the bar. He is survived by his wife, daughter and son, six grandchildren, a brother and four sisters.

Bedford, Ind., Lodge Observes Visiting Brothers Night

The first Visiting Brothers Night held by Bedford Lodge No. 826 was an enormous success, with nearly 175 members turning out for the fine dinner, followed by the lodge session at which E.R. J. H. Duncan presided. A class of five was initiated by the State Championship Ritualistic Team from Vincennes Lodge whose

Barbershop Quartet was also on hand to render several old-time and current popular songs. Among the visitors were delegations from Frankfort, Seymour, Vincennes, Jeffersonville and Washington, Ind., and Louisville, Ky.

Dignitaries present included the new D.D. for Ind. South, Ralph Alsop, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Arnold Westermann, Past State Pres. Claude E. Thompson, State Vice-Pres. P. W. Loveland, State Tiler Floyd Beldon, P.D.D., and Past Pres. Dr. A. A. Pielemeier.

Mass. Elks Assn. Big-League Charity Baseball Game a Hit

For the third consecutive year, Andrew A. Biggio, P.E.R. of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, a P.D.D. and State Assn. Vice-Pres., was Chairman of the Committee in charge of arranging with the management of the Boston Red Sox for 1,000 or more reserved seats for a weekend ball game. Each ticket is sold for the regular price of \$1.80, plus a \$1.00 donation to the Elks National Foundation.

This year's game was a Saturday affair between the Red Sox and the Detroit Tigers. Although the Elks were a depressed lot leaving Fenway Park, after watching the Tigers take the 1-0 eighth-inning lead away from the Red Sox in the 9th, winning the contest 2 to 1, they were cheered by the fact that a check for \$1,300 had been presented to Chairman John F. Malley of the Foundation by Mr. Biggio. The presentation took place in the Red Sox dugout, and the money represented the generosity of 1,300 Elks from 50 lodges in Mass., R. I. and N. H.

Through the courtesy of the Mass. Elks Hospital Committee, 425 convalescing Korean war heroes from several VA Hospitals witnessed the contest as guests of various lodges.

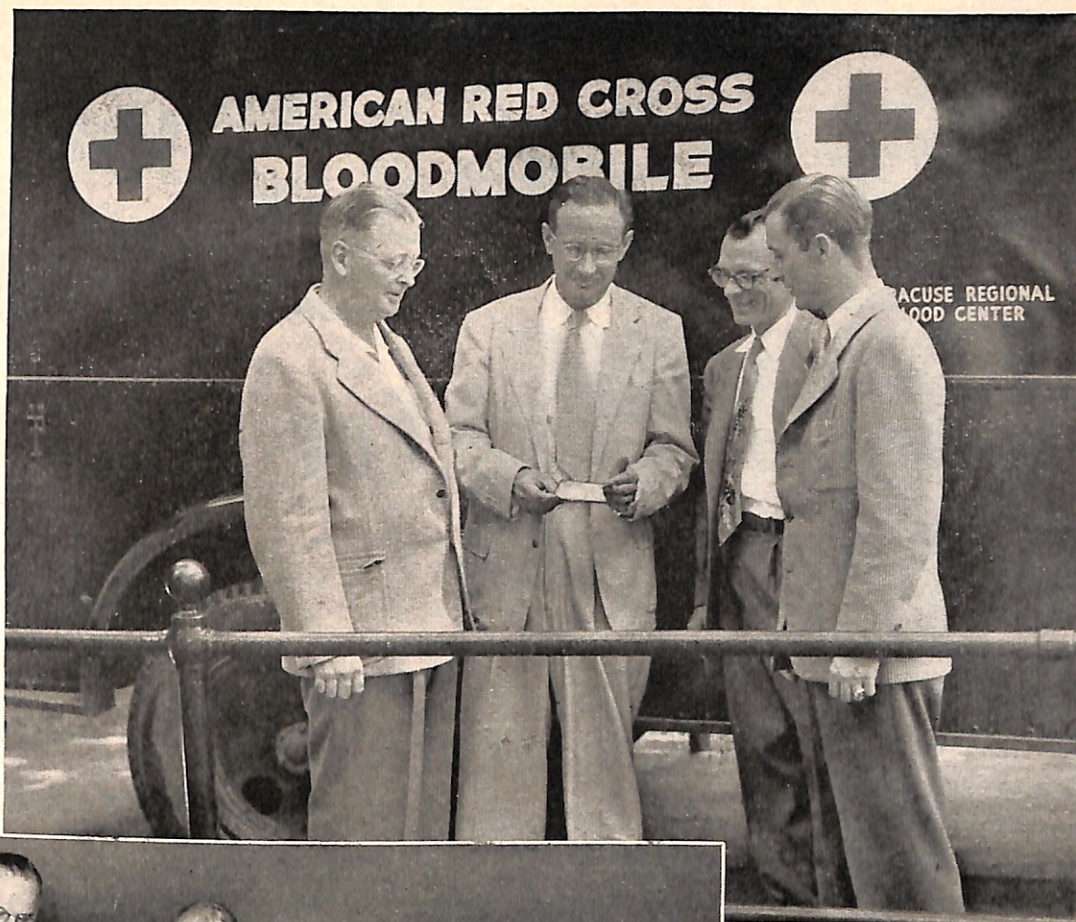
Decorah, Ia., Elks' Ritualistic Team Does Honors for Cedar Rapids

Cedar Rapids Lodge No. 251 always gives credit where credit is due. Evidence of that fact appears in the latest issue of Cedar Rapids' fine bulletin, "Hour Eleven", where a special initiatory ceremony is reported. At No. 251's invitation, the outstanding Ritualistic Team of Decorah Lodge No. 443 was invited to initiate a class of 78 new Elks.



Imperial Valley Cotton Queen Hazel Havens of El Centro, Calif., reigns over the ceremony marking donation of proceeds for the first bale of cotton grown in the area to El Centro and Brawley Lodges which split the money after deduction of expenses and placed it in their Charity Funds. El Centro's E.R. E. K. Hinson is at right, Est. Lead. Knight Pat Bush at left.

Right: Outside the home of Oneida, N. Y., Lodge the day the Red Cross was so well received there, were, left to right, D.D. James Burke, Red Cross Representative L. Carhart, E.R. John Smith, Est. Loyal Knight Arthur Olin.



Left: In the dugout at Fenway Park in Boston, Mass., prior to the Detroit-Red Sox charity baseball game were, left to right, Rightfielder Clyde Vollmer, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Trustee Thomas J. Brady, State Vice-Pres. Andrew A. Biggio, Committee Secy. Fred A. Baumeister, Dominic DiMaggio, P.E.R. Col. Frank O'Rourke, Chairman of the Hospital Committee, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan.



Left: These new officers of Manila, P. I., Lodge, garbed in the national Filipino formal dress, remind us of the fact that they are members of the only Elks lodge not in the continental United States. Left to right, foreground: Esq. A. D. Winkel, Treas. R. A. Callahan, Secy. M. L. Francisco, Chaplain H. P. Merrifield, Organist L. P. Nuber, Inner Guard M. J. Cafiero. Second row: Est. Lect. Knight E. A. Pangonis, Lead. Knight J. F. Dwyer, E.R. H. M. Cavender, Loyal Knight D. R. Fletcher, Tiler P. B. Neubauer. E.R. Cavender's father, E.R. in 1926, was presumed lost in 1944 when many prisoners were transferred by the Japs from Manila to Japan and other islands in ships which were sunk by American aircraft and submarines.



For ELKS who TRAVEL

**The Great Smokies have a half-million
acres available for an autumn playground.**

BY HORACE SUTTON

WHEN the majority of the 1,400 varieties of plants, trees, shrubs and flowers begin to change color in the Smokies this fall, the half-million acres of the National Park will be one of the greatest displays of glorious technicolor to be found east of the Hollywood studios.

To show this sight to as many visitors as possible, Park headquarters in Gatlinburg, Tenn., the gateway city, has announced a series of Color Caravans timed to take advantage of the woodlands when they are at the height of their autumn beauty. Motor tours conducted by naturalist guides, the Caravans will depart Gatlinburg on October 5, 11 and 16. Since the cooler areas turn earliest, it is planned to begin the trips among the mile-high peaks of the Smokies, descending gradually into the valley country. The change brings a drop from 6,600 feet over sea level to 1,400 feet. Or, to put it another way, the 17-mile trip from Gatlinburg to the Tennessee-North Carolina line at Newfound Gap will unfold a variety of vegetation that one would otherwise see in traveling from the mid-south to Canada.

But even before the autumn show is in full swing, the Great Smokies National Park is expected to clock its 2,000,000th visitor of the year. No fewer than 1,774,265 people came to the Smokies last year. Half the nation lives within 24 hours of the Park, and the Smokies have been the country's most popular national playground for the last ten years.

For anyone planning to take a fall vacation and looking for something a little more nerve-tingling than gazing at the magnificent scenery, there is to be a wild boar hunting season in the Santeetlah Wild Life Management Area of the Great Smokies from October 15 through the 20th. A permit costs \$1 a day for North Carolinians, \$2 for anyone else, and the bag limit will be one boar and also one bear. The first week is set aside for "still"

hunts, without dogs. From October 22 through December 1st, there is to be a series of two-day hunts with dogs. The hunts with dogs will be conducted in groups of not more than 25 people, and the tag will be \$50 for a party of North Carolina residents; \$100 for a party of foreigners. A mixed party—part State residents and part out-of-state—is just as bad as a whole group of strangers, the authorities say, and the rate for such a group is \$100. Anybody interested should write the North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission, Raleigh, N. C., and ask for an application blank and full particulars.

News that the hunt includes bears may not prove a popular note with many of

the visitors to the Smokies who consider the bruins the most engaging of all Park's 52 kinds of fur-bearing animals. There are warnings all over the area urging visitors to avoid feeding the bears, but the big shaggy beasts are both clowns and pets—except, of course, for the times when they get their temper worked up. A slap with a huge paw studded with knife-like toenails can produce a nasty wound.

SURPRISE VISITOR

One day a stranger packed a lunch, jumped into his new convertible and drove through the Park. At a pleasant-looking overlook he stopped, spread his lunch out on the seat next to him, and to

Ewing Galloway Photo.



An ideal spot for a fall vacation—the Great Smokies. This view from Inspiration Point.

let in a little breeze he opened the door opposite his seat. Aside from the breeze he also admitted a bear. The motorist scooted out his side, slamming the door after him. The bear, entering from the opposite side, got a nail hooked in the door handle and closed the other door. After munching the tasty lunch, the bruin looked around for a way out. His paw hit the horn which screeched long and loud, forcing the bear into making a hasty exit—through the top.

Those who want to stay close to the Park and make periodic excursions into the wilderness, will find five hotels in Gatlinburg, and over 60 motels, courts, lodges, inns and guest homes. Temperatures in the Gatlinburg area vary in September from a mean minimum of 53 degrees to a mean maximum of 84; in October from 41 to 74. Fall days are bright, the air brisk and fresh, the evenings cool. The local folks suggest you bring simple cotton dresses, warm jackets and sweaters, slacks, raincoats and comfortable shoes. Leave anything more fancy in mothballs.

Some 4,000 visitors can be put up in Gatlinburg at a time, but you may have a rugged time finding space between September 30 and October 4 this year when Gatlinburg is host to the National Governor's Conference. The meeting will bring together the chief executives of the 48 states and three territories, and each governor will be followed by an entourage of varying proportions.

TOURS ARE FREE

Available in town are the Naturalist Guided Park Tours, which are free, horseback riding, camping, sightseeing trips, archery, bicycling and shopping in the assortment of stores that feature mountain crafts. Fishing is permitted on the TVA lakes in Tennessee and Western North Carolina all year around and late fall is one of the two preferred seasons. The Southern Railway and the Louisville and Nashville will bring non-drivers as far as Knoxville, Tenn. The Southern also operates to Asheville and Smoky Mountains Trailways buses run from both cities to Gatlinburg.

The largest resort in the Smokies is Fontana Village, a government-owned enterprise on the opposite side of the Park from Gatlinburg. Fontana Village is a settlement of 280 cottages and a 56-room lodge which nestles at the end of a nine-mile drive running along the shoreline of the Tennessee River. Right at hand is the TVA's Fontana Dam and thirty-mile-long Fontana Lake. Largest in the East, and fourth largest in the world, Fontana Dam is just miles from the village. It stretches 480 feet high, forming Fontana Lake, which itself is 400 feet deep. You can drive along the top of the dam for a magnificent view of the lake and the Smoky Mountains.

Although the trout streams of the Park are closed by August 31st, there is no season on bass and warm-water fishing in

the lake. An assortment of boats and in-board and outboard motors is available at the dock at rates that won't break anybody's pocket. A three-passenger boat rents for \$2 a day, as an example, and a 2½-horsepower outboard motor costs \$4 a day. Live bait also is available.

For those who prefer their recreation on dry land there is a horseback riding program that includes moonlight trips, pre-breakfast rides and overnight pack trips, not to mention an ordinary stroll along a bridle path. Rates run \$1.50 an hour, \$5 for four hours and \$8 for a whole, saddle-sore day. When six riders get together for a whole day's excursion you can have a guide without charge. The trails lead out of Fontana Village to old copper mines, the site of an ancient mountain still, and a waterfall.

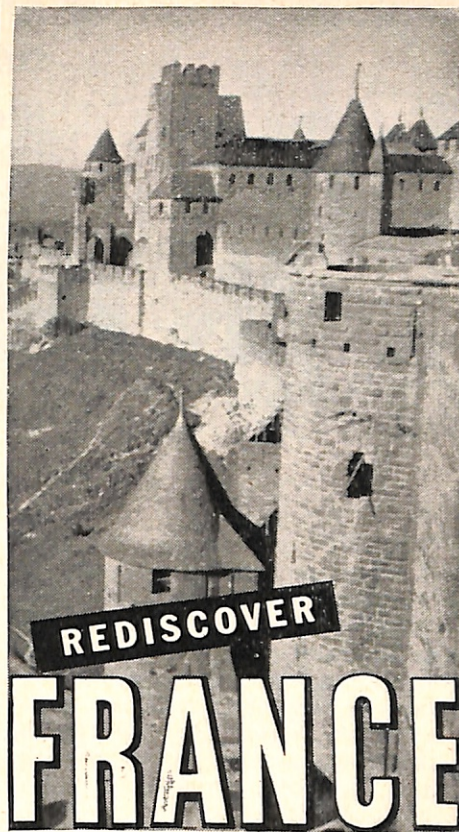
SPORTS FOR ALL

Aside from all this, there are softball games, miniature golf, fish and steak fries on the lake shore, archery, shuffleboard, tennis, ping-pong, and that popular vacation endeavor—porch-sitting in a rocker. Hostesses organize lectures, concerts, stage shows and get-togethers around a fire. For the energetic there is dancing, round or square.

If you like company, then by all means head for the 56-room lodge; but if you would rather be away from people, then pick a cottage. They come in various sizes—for two, three, four, and for five or six. Even the smallest consists of a living room-dining room, bedroom with double or twin beds and a bath with shower. Housekeeping cottages have an electric range and a full supply of utensils. If you'd rather not wash a dish, there is a dining room, a cafeteria that serves all meals including an early breakfast for fishermen, and a coffee shop that serves late breakfasts for everyone else, and also snacks through the day.

Cottages for two without cooking facilities cost \$6 a day, or \$33 a week, during the fall season, a good saving over mid-summer rates. A cottage with cooking facilities is \$8.50 a day; \$48 a week during this season. Double rooms in the lodge run from \$6 a day up for the room, no meals. There are also dormitories for men and for women in separate buildings at \$1.50 per day per person. Incidentally, those who plan to rattle their own chow will find a big shiny supermarket right there in the mountains. The Smokies have everything.

PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to *Elks Magazine* readers. Just write to the Travel Department, *Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require, but kindly allow two weeks for us to gather the information. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.



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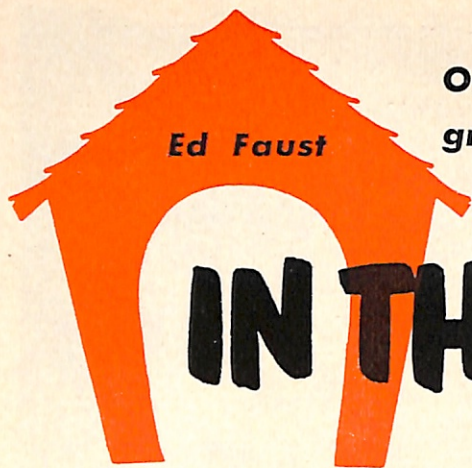


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Officially these purps are classed as a non-sporting group, but there are some tough hombres among them.

IN THE DOGHOUSE

OF THE six officially designated groups of dogs, the one with the most inappropriate title is the "non-sporting" group. Where it got that name is as mysterious as where the Government tax people got the idea that \$400 is adequate to care for a dependent. While it is true that some of the eight breeds in this group are not exactly sporting dogs, none—except, perhaps, the Boston terrier—could be regarded as purely an ornamental pooch. And if anyone thinks the Boston is strictly a boudoir hound, he has a few thinks coming. To the Boston terrier belongs the distinction of being one of the very few dogs originated in this country; others are the Chesapeake Bay retriever, the American water spaniel and, one of the most recent breeds to receive official recognition by the American Kennel Club, the coonhound. Like many other so-called pure-bred dogs, the Boston is the result of judicious cross-breeding, his ancestry being a mixture of the English bulldog and the white English terrier, the first dog of this type attracting attention about 60 years ago. As in the case of many of our pure-breds, there has been much inbreeding among the Bostons to establish a fixed type, which, fortunately, has not resulted in a genus marked by a low I.Q. or chronic invalidism. On the contrary, the Boston is highly intelligent and as healthy as any other breed. The only physical handicap that manifests itself occasionally, caused by the dog's pushed-in face and its short muzzle, is in its breathing apparatus which sometimes causes older dogs to wheeze, breathing with difficulty.

Originally, the Bostons were called roundheads; some erroneously labeled them bull terriers which was understandably resented by the breeders of the bull terrier. A gentle dog, the Boston terrier has often been called Dogdom's American Gentleman and is up among the first four or five most popular breeds in America today. Its brindle and white coloring is so familiar that it scarcely needs further description. When brought to the show ring, these dogs are divided

into three weight classes—lightweight, under 15 pounds; middleweight, 15 to 20 pounds; heavyweight, 20 to no more than 25 pounds.

In the next breed in this group we find one of the Boston's ancestors, the bulldog, an ancient breed whose modern counterpart has changed considerably in appearance. Of English origin, its name originates from its early use in the so-called sport of bullbaiting—a pastime of extreme cruelty in which a bull was tethered to a stake and a number of these dogs turned loose to bait the bull. This frequently meant a painful death for the bull and, very often, the dogs were gored and killed by their victim. Fortunately, bullbaiting was outlawed in England in 1835, and also in every other civilized country that knew the sport. Bullbaiting demanded a dog of unusual courage, so, through many years of breeding for this purpose, the bulldog became savage and almost insensible to pain. When the sport was banned, the bulldog had established itself so firmly in the regard of the breeders that some of them decided to continue the breed, eliminating its savage characteristics and zest for battle; now, while

he's still dead game and will fight, the bulldog no longer carries a chip on his shoulder. Considerable alteration has been effected in his appearance, too, so that while he's a gentle fellow, he's undoubtedly the most war-like looking dog of all. His breeders have bowed his legs to excess, and have given him a barrel chest he no longer needs. He is said to be an ideal pet and guardian for children. He's usually brindle, but you'll find him in fawn or red, piebald and sometimes solid white. His weight ranges from 40 to 50 pounds.

EVERYBODY knows the chow—properly called a chow chow, another mis-cast dog in the non-sporting group. He's Chinese and perhaps the most useful dog in all the world. In his native country he's used for herding, hauling (as a cart dog), guarding, hunting and for food—yes, he's even an *entrée* on certain Oriental menus. Furthermore, his dense coat can be, and has been, woven into a fine and durable cloth. The only dog in the world that has a blue-black tongue, the breed is ancient and there is much to

(Continued on page 50)

Photo by Ylla



Dalmation puppies are born white and develop spots later.



CONFERENCE AT THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL BUILDING, CHICAGO.

DISTRICT DEPUTIES CONFERENCES

IMMEDIATELY after taking office, Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis made arrangements for three Conferences with his District Deputies. These Conferences were held at the Elks National Memorial Building, Chicago, July 28; Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85, August 4, and at the Elks National Home, Bedford, Va., August 11. At the Conferences, the Grand Exalted Ruler explained his program for the year and instructed his

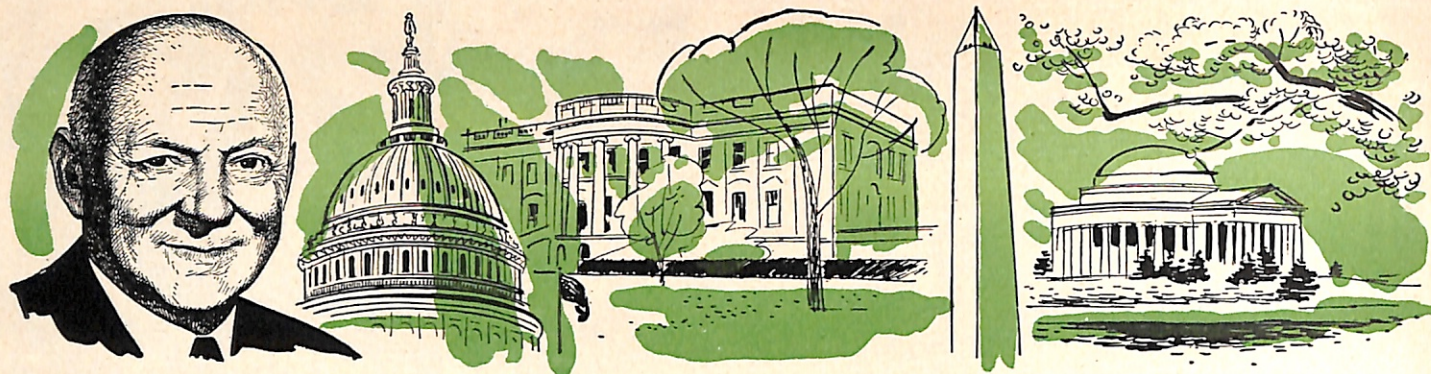
District Deputies as to their duties and what was expected of them in carrying out the aims of his administration. The Grand Secretary and representatives of the Board of Grand Trustees, the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, Elks National Foundation, Elks National Service Commission and the Lodge Activities Committee supplemented his instructions with information relative to their particular branches of activity.



CONFERENCE AT THE ELKS NATIONAL HOME, BEDFORD, VA.



CONFERENCE AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, LODGE.



TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

WASHINGTON is a living textbook on Americanism. Thousands and thousands of students who came to the Nation's Capital during the past summer looked into that book and took back with them an inspiration they will never forget. What impresses these boys and girls most is difficult to explain. Some stand in awe at the foot of the great statue in the Lincoln Memorial and read in silence the immortal words of the Gettysburg Address and the second inaugural address emblazoned across the walls on each side. Others, wide-eyed, visit the halls of Congress and get a glimpse of legislation in the making. A visit to the Federal Bureau of Investigation is a must on every tour. So is the Washington monument, the U. S. Supreme Court and a peep through the iron fence at the White House, now undergoing repairs. A teacher from Harlan, Kentucky, supervising a group of high school graduates, told me "they come sight-seeing and they have a good time. But suddenly they are aware of the responsibilities of citizenship and America as a land of liberty has a deeper meaning."

WHEEL-CHAIR HOMES

Some 3,600 disabled veterans have qualified for so-called "wheel-chair" homes. They are built from special plans to make wheel-chair cases more comfortable. The Veterans Administration pays half the cost, with a maximum grant of \$10,000. The first 1,880 applications approved were given a total of \$17,046,449.

FBI SCORES RECORD

J. Edgar Hoover, FBI Director, has scored a new high batting average for convictions in criminal cases. "Guilty" was the verdict in 97.5 of the trials last year. There were a total of 8,408 convictions. Incidentally, FBI men all over the country are doing a big job in checking backgrounds of thousands of men and women taking defense jobs.

MONEY WELL SPENT

Although the GI school has ended except for men discharged within the past four years, a million and a half veterans are still enrolled. It was the nation's

greatest educational project, aiding 15,000,000 World War II vets. The cost—\$12,000,000,000—according to Veterans Administration heads, was money well spent, even though some of it went to fly-by-night schools and training rackets. It produced 500,000 engineers, 250,000 teachers, 117,000 medical workers, while 1,400,000 learned a trade as an apprentice. Those now enrolled can complete their training even if they have just begun a four-year college course.

SLIPPERINESS TESTER

World's largest building, the Pentagon, with its ramps and miles of corridors has waxed and polished floors. Military and civilian personnel have been warned in a Defense Department memo to watch their step. Floors were examined with a "Sigler pendulum impact-type slipperiness tester", a gadget which determines the "coefficient of friction", which is an index to relative slipperiness. It is recommended that personnel "keep to right of center in corridors and keep far to the right in turning corners, especially blind corners." Moreover, they are advised to wear "practical" shoes and "face in the direction you are walking". What if a pretty Wac passes?

OUR STANDING ARMY

The reason why the United States has a standing army may be that a manufacturer holding an army contract is nearly 100,000 chairs behind on an order for 180,000. The contract called for delivery of 75,000 last April 7 and 43,000 by May 8. "The Army has been standing a long time", said a report of the House Procurement Sub-Committee, headed by Rep. F. Edward Hebert of Louisiana. The Committee criticized the Army Quartermaster Corps for not giving the firm a closer inspection before awarding the contract.

PSYCHOPATHIC SPEEDERS

The habitually reckless driver may be a "psychopath" in need of mental treatment, Dr. Winfred Overholser, Superintendent of the government's huge St. Elizabeth mental hospital, declares. More courts, he says, should order men-

tal tests for the driver who repeatedly is picked up on speed and reckless driving charges. Tests would show many of the "hot rod" drivers, while perfectly sane, are unbalanced and in need of treatment instead of fines or jail sentences, Dr. Overholser declares. "The person at the wheel of a 1 and 1/2 ton machine is handling a dangerous weapon", says the psychiatrist.

SCRAPE FOR SCRAP

Scrap for making steel is desperately needed and efforts of the All Scrap Mobilization Committees are producing results. For instance, Hitler's yacht is being scrapped at Wilmington, Delaware. Hulls of six destroyers used as a breakwater at the entrance of Los Angeles harbor will join the scrap pile.

SERIOUS PLANE SHORTAGE

This nation makes the best planes in the world and we depend largely on air power to win victory, but it will take at least two years to secure enough plants to furnish replacements in event of a major war. Defense Production Administration reveals two big bottlenecks—machine tools and electric power. Production of machine tools needed to make more planes is now about 21 to 1 behind deliveries.

CAPITAL CORN

WASHINGTON has 50,000 street lights but stick-ups are frequent. . . . PUBLIC HEALTH Service figures show the baby crop is bouncing, being 8 per cent over last year. . . . INTERIOR DEPT. says mine deaths have been cut 50 per cent since federal mine inspection began 10 years ago. . . . OVER \$35,000 in bank accounts of Mussolini's daughter Edda have been impounded by the government. The money had been deposited to her credit here in payment for the diaries of her husband, the late Count Galeazzo Ciano. . . . GOVERNMENT SALARY increases since 1939 have lagged 21 per cent behind the cost of living according to labor statistics. . . . THE MAN who collects the nickels from Washington parking meters had his car tagged for overtime.



Highlighting the opening of Little League Baseball activities in El Paso, Tex., was the presentation of an American Flag by the local Elks. E. R. J. T. O'Rourke, left, presented the banner to a Marine Honor Guard in pre-game ceremonies inaugurating loop play.



You must be at least 80 years old to get in on a pinochle game with these Old Timers of Union City, Ind., Lodge. Left to right, standing: I. N. Reitenour, 83; R. C. Schemmel, 84; C. L. Patchell, 85; seated: Robert Kaucher, 81; Edgar Simmons, 82; Daniel Short, 83.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

(Continued from page 23)



Expectant young guests of the Elks of Maynard, Mass., line up outside the lodge home preparatory to boarding the three busses which took them to the Annual Circus Party held by the local Elks.



E.R. Franklin Van Pelt presents the \$100 Savings Bond and Certificate in the Elks Youth Leadership Contest to Miss Priscilla Ann West of Medford, Ore., before other lodge officials.

Hartford City, Ind., Elks Hold Gala Golden Anniversary Fete

In observance of its 50th Anniversary, the membership list of Hartford City Lodge No. 625 was augmented by a class of 61 candidates initiated by the State Champion Degree Team from Tipton Lodge. The initiation of this group, the largest in the history of No. 625, was followed by a buffet luncheon.

Among the special speakers on this occasion were 1950-51 Chairman of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge. Robert L. DeHority, P.E.R.'s Dr. Frank Peters and Robert W. Bonham, Sr., State Vice-Pres. Cecil Rappe, and several others.

E.R. Albert Miller and his fellow officers welcomed 14 P.E.R.'s who were on hand to see the initiation of this class among which were sons of several long-time Elks. No. 625 is a big Elk Family booster, numbering among its membership 20 father-and-son combinations; six fathers with two sons; a trio of grandfather, father and son groups, and one grandfather, father and two-son quartet.



The Schmitt Brothers, 1951 International Barbershop Quartet Champions, were among the 11 candidates initiated into Two Rivers, Wis., Lodge recently. They are pictured in the first row with Grand Inner Guard Dr. A. V. Delmore at the left, and E.R. Dr. A. A. Goetz on the right. In the second row are the other new Elks, while the initiatory team comprises the third row.



The local hospital receives a vitally needed Oxygen Therapy Machine from Atlantic City, N. J., Lodge. Left to right: Committeeman Dr. C. A. Saseen, E.R. S. I. Leopold, Fund-Raising Committee Chairman L. A. Blum, Hospital Adm. J. E. VanderKlish, Staff Pres. Dr. E. H. Nickman.



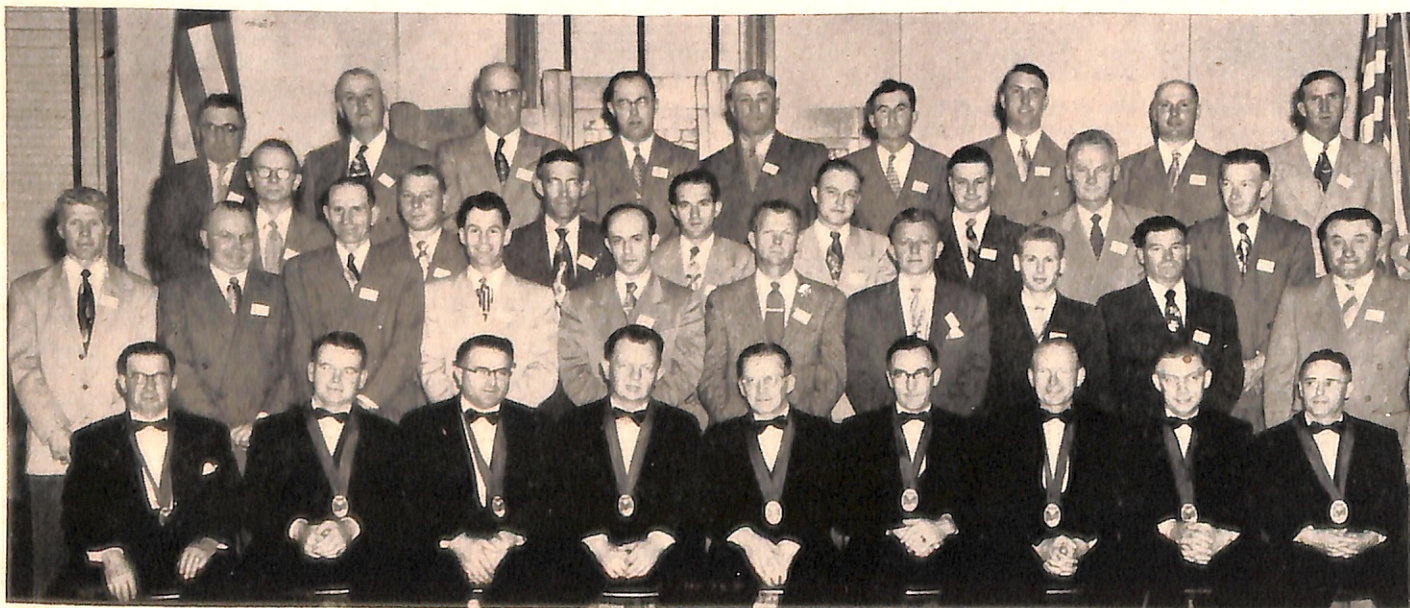
In memory of their Departed Brothers, Bellaire, Ohio, Elks pledge \$3,500 to the Hospital Expansion Fund. Left to right: Trustees Walter Lewis, Sr., Chairman, Martin Kadlic, Albert Salvaterra; Chairman L. L. Cunningham of the Business and Professional Division of the Fund.



West Palm Beach, Fla., Elks ship clothing to flood victims. Left to right: Crippled Children's Committee Chairman T. C. Grafton, Welfare Committee Chairman T. P. Riggs, Jr., Trustees Chairman Dr. C. E. Dover, E.R. G. H. Summerell, Esq. S. L. Sewell (near ceiling) and Secy. E. F. Stumpf.



Dunkirk, N. Y., Lodge's \$1,000 check to furnish the pediatric ward in Brooks Memorial Hospital is turned over to the Board. Left to right: Hospital Supt. Wm. L. Coon, Board Pres. Kemp Kenna, D.D. J. J. Mahaney, Est. Loyal Knight G. J. Schneider, Board Treas. R. R. Dew.



The officers of Minot, N. D., Lodge with the 27 candidates they initiated recently.

Osawatometie, Kans., Elks Active in Charitable Work

The recent floods in Kansas found the Elks of Osawatometie Lodge No. 921 on the job in their customary benevolent way. A perpetual 24-hour service of coffee and rolls, served in the lodge home, was maintained for all flood workers. For the full period of the flood week, the members of No. 921 served hot coffee, stew, soup, sandwiches and rolls, with milk for the children, to flood victims.

Early this summer, Osawatometie Lodge played host to 350 patients of the State Hospital at a dance in the recreation hall. A three-piece orchestra provided the musical program, and during intermission refreshments were served by the Elks, assisted by the American Red Cross Gray Ladies. The second such party given by the Elks this year, Chairman Bob Brown reported it a great success, as did Frederick Thomas, Recreation Director of the Hospital, and an Elk.

Further generosity of this branch of the Order is reflected in its gift to the 70-piece high school band. Each player received individual electric lights for his uniform hat, which will enable the group to present spectacular formations.

West Palm Beach, Fla., Elks and Navy Aid Flood Victims

When West Palm Beach Lodge No. 1352 informed the public that it would send clothing to flood sufferers, more than 3,000 pounds of clothes and shoes was received. Packed by the Elks, and flown gratis to Kansas City, Mo., by the U. S. Navy, the gift was acknowledged by E.R. John M. Cosgrove, Jr., of Kansas City Lodge, who, with his Brother Elks, took charge of distribution. One generous donor purchased a bankrupt stock of ladies' wear, sent 1,300 dresses to the dry cleaners before forwarding them to the Elks for shipment.



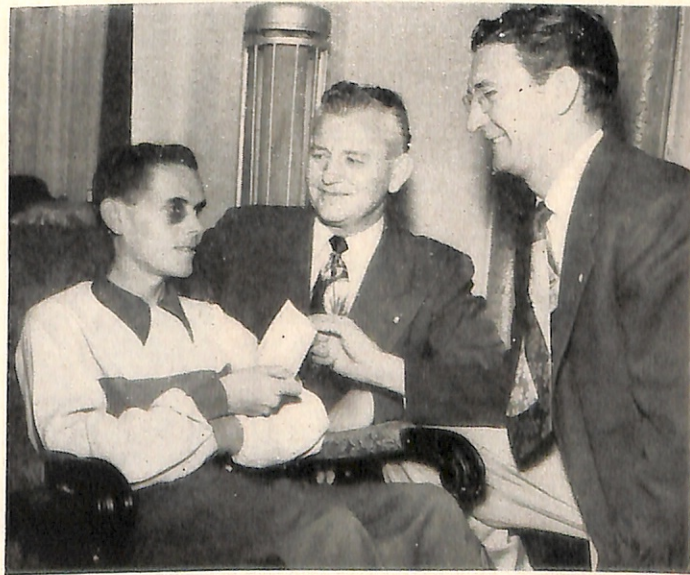
Members of the National Little League Baseball Team, sponsored by San Diego, Calif., Lodge, pictured with their awards for winning the city tournament. In the background are Est. Loyal Knight Thomas P. Golden, left, and Exalted Ruler F. Kerneil Bernardini. In left foreground is Ernest Bernardini; right, Byron Ferguson, members in charge of this program.



Here is the Indiana State Championship Degree Team of Tipton Lodge which initiated a class of 61 candidates into Hartford City, Ind., Lodge on the recent anniversary of its 50th year.



Gov. Newcomer of the Panama Canal Zone, buys a ticket to the Charity Ball to be presented by Balboa, C. Z., Lodge. Left to right are El Panama Hotel Manager Joseph Cunningham, Acting E.R. H. E. Townsend, the Governor and Antonio DiScala, the Hotel's Executive Asst.



Jack O'Leary, left, hiccup victim, who must travel to Portland, Ore., for aid received \$115 toward the trip's expenses from the Elks of Glendale, Calif., represented by Est. Loyal Knight W. E. Hegi, Capt. of Detectives, and Est. Lead. Knight C. W. Ericson.

LODGE NOTES

The Elks of **KNOXVILLE, TENN.**, should be as proud as Punch about their newly renovated home—and they are. They have a new ladies' dining room, cocktail lounge, something they call a "Conversation Room", a game room, an electric organ, new furnishings and the entire building is air-conditioned . . . Out in **PHOENIX, ARIZ.**, where Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall is now a winter resident, the Elks have a new Victor sound-motion picture projector and speaker, given to the lodge by Mr. Hall to entertain children in the Elks' Youth Activities Program. Speaking for the Phoenix Elks themselves, they turned out in great numbers for their Annual Smoker at Elks Park. Attendance was estimated at 700 persons, all of whom enjoyed a seemingly inexhaustible supply of roast beef . . . **QUINCY, MASS.**, Elks are actively interested in the youth of the community, sponsoring a Little League Baseball Team, whose members were recently entertained at a "cook-out" when the boys presented gifts to their coaches. Silver dollars were given winners in boys', girls' and women's track events at Quincy Lodge's annual Family Outing, when an exhibition baseball game was played between the Little Leaguers and a pick-up team. Other games, music and refreshments were enjoyed . . . **GAINESVILLE, FLA.**, Lodge honored Pres. Walter J. Matherly at a dinner not long ago. Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committeeman W. A. Wall, State Secy. J. J. Fernandez, were among the 26 P.D.D.'s and 12 former State Presidents who helped the lodge pay tribute to Mr. Matherly, Dean of the College of Business Administration at the University of Florida . . . News of another Florida Lodge comes from **LEESBURG**, where 22 candidates were initiated in honor of A. S. Herlong, Sr., Chairman of the Committee responsible for the erection of the lodge's new, ultra-modern home, built and furnished at a cost of \$100,000 . . . **MOSCOW, IDA.**, Lodge is proud of its Softball Team which reached the quarter-finals in the State Tournament. The Elks' nine claimed its second consecutive city league title and was runner-up in district competition.



Silver Spring, Md., Lodge sent these 32 boys to Camp Robert South Barrett, at Camp Ritchie, for a fine vacation. They are pictured as they were about to board the bus for the trip under the guidance of P.E.R. H. Brooks Perring and E.R. Robert Murphy, standing at right.



In the opening-day ceremonies of the Little Baseball League in Woonsocket, R. I., in which the Elks participate with a fine team of youngsters, Brig. Gen. James A. Murphy made the first pitch; the batter was Cmdr. Alfred Brown, USNR; the catcher was local high school coach Gus Savaria, and the umpire was the Rev. Walter J. Rozpad, in action in this photograph.



Left to right: P. J. Lynch, E. A. Isaacson, F. M. Matthews, C. C. Irwin, O. H. Woll and Honorary Life Member L. G. Hays of Yakima, Wash., Lodge use the practice green at the Elks Golf and Country Club on their Annual Golf and Field Day, in which approximately 450 Elks participated.

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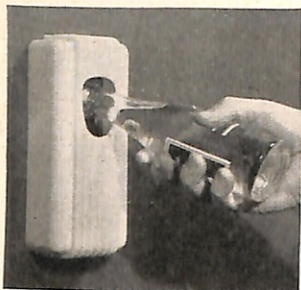
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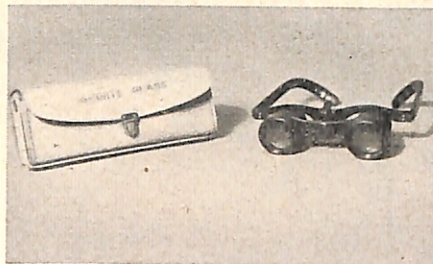
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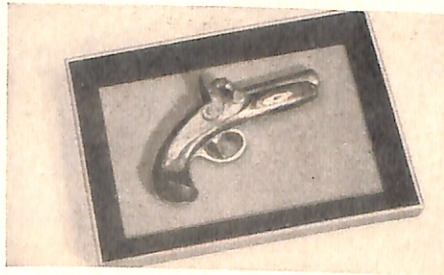
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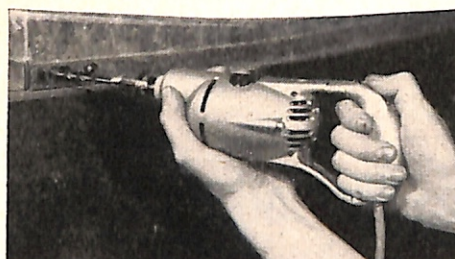
JERRY—the Ventriloquist's cowboy—is no dummy at giving folks, young and old, a good time. Pull the string in his back and he seems to be chattering away. Colorfully dressed in a red and blue plaid shirt, blue pants and brown boots, Jerry is 19" tall. \$2.98 postpaid at Novelty Mart, Dept. EFS, 59 E. 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.



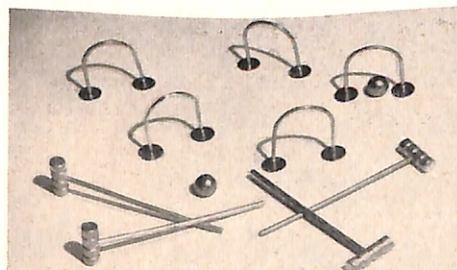
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Elks

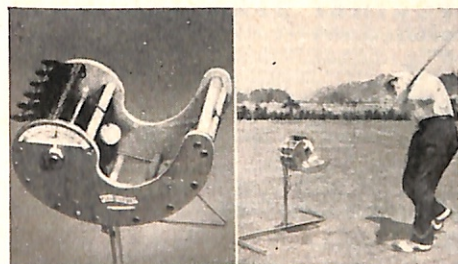
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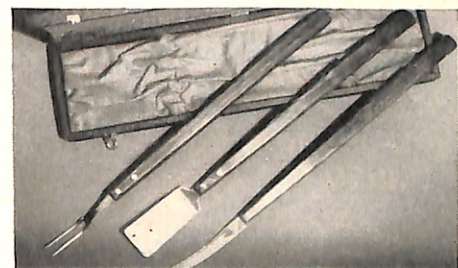
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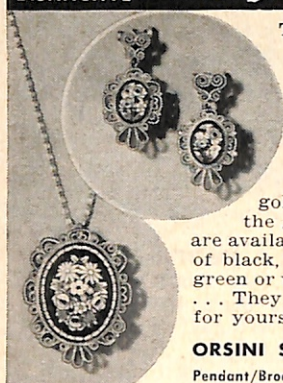
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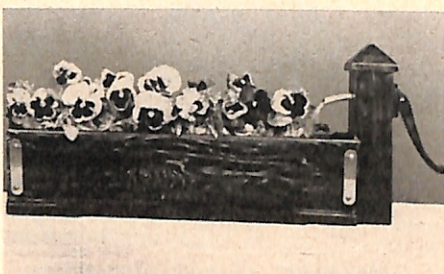
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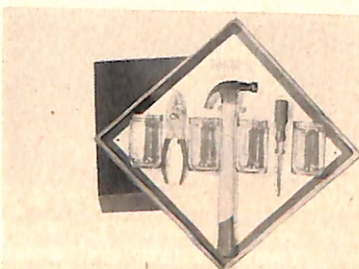
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(Continued from page 12)

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37

country is increasing steadily. During the current year industry will spend over \$26 billion to increase plant and equipment. And the new plants have been erected and the new machinery installed the productive capacity of the country will be increased and more commodities will be available for civilian consumption as well as for national defense.

2—Inventories in the hands of individuals, merchants and manufacturers still are very large, and so long as these inventories exist they constitute a brake on a further sharp increase in commodity prices.

3—Crops are good and the country is assured an abundant supply of basic foodstuffs.

4—Credit is somewhat tighter and should the inflationary forces reappear further measures probably will be taken by the monetary authorities to prevent too rapid an increase in the volume of bank credit.

5—Not everyone's income is protected by an escalator clause, nor is the price of everyone's product protected by government loans and purchases, as is the case with many farm commodities. In fact, the standard of living of many people has actually gone down and today they are not in a position to buy as freely as

before, when more income was available.

All these factors combined will exercise an influence on the movement of commodity prices. For the remainder of the year, therefore, prices are not likely to show many important changes. What the outlook will be for next year will depend to a large extent on the international situation and the fiscal position of the Treasury.

CONCLUSIONS

1—Notwithstanding the present lull in some lines and the large volume of inventories, the general outlook for business for the remainder of the year is good. Military expenditures are rapidly increasing and capital outlays by corporations are very large. These expenditures will create a great demand for raw materials, manufactured goods and labor and also will generate increased purchasing power.

2—The present readjustment in some lines is temporary in character. The duration of this lull is difficult to predict and will depend in part on international political developments. The cessation of hostilities in Korea, particularly if combined with a general easing of international tension, could prolong the present lull a little longer. However, since em-

ployment is large, wages are high and mass purchasing power is increasing, a revival in the slow industries is bound to take place in the not-distant future.

3—So long as a rearmament program of the present magnitude lasts business activity will remain at a high level. Only after the defense program and capital outlays by corporations begin to taper off will the danger of inflation entirely disappear.

4—At present, there still is a danger that a spiral of prices and wages may develop. This threat arises out of the fact that while supplies of civilian commodities, particularly hard goods, are bound to decrease, purchasing power in the hands of the people will increase and there is a possibility of a large Federal deficit.

5—Notwithstanding these inflationary dangers there also are anti-inflationary forces which must be taken into account. Above all, there is the strong possibility that if the upswing in commodity prices is resumed buyers' resistance on a large scale will set in. The present is not the time to speculate on the possibilities of inflation, particularly with borrowed money, and certainly there is no reason to fear a depression or a serious decline in business activity.

Killer Mule

(Continued from page 19)

another mate for Minnie. You let me make one more trip, Bill, and I'll get rid of him sure when I get back," Duffy pleaded.

That kid, Marty Herndon, suddenly loomed over people's heads. He was a strapping six-foot-three, and his peaked hat and boots made him look taller. All his belongings were wrapped in a bundle, and he carried his .30-30 in the crook of his arm. His thin, dark face grew darker when he saw Bill Meyers laying down the law.

"All right, one more trip," said Bill, "and then you get rid of him, or I'll kill him."

Herndon pushed in closer. "You try that," he drawled, "some day when you feel real lucky, Bill."

"Now, Marty," Duffy said. The last thing he wanted was trouble. There was already bad feeling—deep, bad feeling—between the deputy and the kid. "Now, Marty, let be."

Bill squinted at the kid. Bill kept order here, all right. It took him to do it, since the mine opened, and the dregs and siftings of humanity were passing through this little California mountain town.

"Kid, you're fixin' to get in trouble; you know that, don't you?" Bill said.

He walked away, not bothering to warn Duffy again about the mule, not bothering to warn Marty Herndon again, not even caring what they did with the dead man who was just another drunken miner to him. Duffy saw the kid's face pale.

"He's me get going, if you're goin' to ride with me," Duffy coaxed him. "Bill's right. I got to get rid of that jack."

He could talk that way here, but going up the steep grade north of town a few minutes later, watching Blackie pull his heart out, he saw the big mule's side again. A long time ago, before Duffy got hold of him, someone had tried to gentle Blackie with a club. The mule had never stopped watching for chances to square things with the whole human race. Bill thought this was his second killing. Duffy knew better; this was at least Blackie's third, and he was still trying.

Herndon sat there, sullenly dreaming, his rifle between his knees. He had worked a few weeks as a gun-guard on a stage up in Oregon. He was a big, tough kid, afraid of nothing, and Duffy had seen him maul some real men. There was an aristocracy of the gun, and Marty had had his taste of it, and of authority and power. Now he didn't want to work.

"The Jap's wavin'," Marty said, at the first switchback.

Duffy waved down. He and Nakani were friends, having the same opinions about horse-creatures. Nakani's little buckskin team was making the dirt fly in the truck patch he had opened here to supply the mine commissary.

They rounded the sharp turn and went in among the pines, and in a little while, Marty's scowl eased away. That was one of the things Duffy liked about him. He

was at home in the big timber. And how he could handle a team!

"Figger to ask Ike for a job again?"

Marty nodded. "But not no teamster's job. He needs special officers, and he cain't say no forever."

"Teamin' pays better."

"I ain't breakin' my back over no four-horse scraper. Why don't you put in a word with Ike for me?"

"Well, maybe I can," said Duffy.

What he feared was that Ike might really hire the kid. If Bill Meyers had to be brutal and heavy-handed, Ike's special officers up at the mine had to be ten times worse.

The grade steepened. "Hup, Red, Pearl!" Duffy said, and the red lead mules leaned into their collars. No need to speak to the big black wheelers. They went up on toe and met drag with drag. Blackie's sign, at once a badge of ignominy and of courage, clattered against his hames.

Remembering other head-shy, scared, nervous mules, Duffy pitied Blackie. Life was worth something, even to a mule. Wasn't it better to be a quivering coward than to go on hating, trying, now and then killing, as Blackie did?

"Let me spell you off," Marty said.

Duffy handed over the lines. There were only two men he would let drive his mules—Marty Herndon and Nakani. He let Marty handle the team most of the day.

They did not even hesitate as they passed the dusty, hard-packed halfway

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camp where most of the contract teamsters spent the night. There was a kind of an aristocracy among teamsters, too, and Duffy's extra-good team was always good for three miles more, to the top of the pass.

There was water here, and a little grass. They hobbled Minnie, Red and Pearl, and Marty poured out a hatful of rolled barley from the feed box for each. Meanwhile, Duffy snubbed Blackie to a pine and warily unharnessed him. The big mule stood quietly, knowing he was watched. You could trust Blackie only when you didn't trust him.

No use hobbling him, because it was a two-hour job. For Blackie, Duffy carried a 30-foot chain with links a quarter of an inch thick. He chained the mule to a tree and called it good.

Blackie did not even fight when Marty fed him. He had tried it once, reaching with both his long yellow teeth and his forefeet. What he got was Marty's big, blinding fist on his tender nose. He knew better now and watched Marty with a wary eye.

They built their fire and warmed up the boiled beans Duffy always carried. The moon came out, and Marty took his rifle and went prowling among the trees. Gun-crazy, Duffy thought, like a ten-year-old kid.

He came back after a little while and rolled up in his blankets.

"Ever have any trouble with mountain lions here?" he asked.

Duffy shook his head. "Oh, you see the boogers now and then, but they never bother nothin'."

Marty patted his ever-ready rifle. "I reckon I'll sleep by this, anyway. I seen lots of lion sign up the creek there. And look at Red. He smells something sure."

The lanky, red lead mule had stopped grazing and was staring off into the darkness, long ears sloped forward. But it wasn't the hobbled mules that worried Duffy. It was Blackie, chained to a tree.

Duffy's spirits fell lower and lower. He just didn't know where he'd raise the money for another mule like Minnie, and he sure couldn't sell a killer like Blackie to anyone. Maybe it would be better if the lions got him. There was no disgrace in being killed by a lion. It was better than Bill Meyers' .45. It didn't seem fair to Duffy for the mule to lose a fight he hadn't started, with the whole human race.

A SQUALL like no sound he had ever heard a mule make brought him out of the blankets hours later. He scrambled to his knees, saw Marty Herndon rolling over, rubbing his eyes and clutching at

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his rifle. There was a cat quickness in the big youth's movements, but he seemed to take his time as he levelled the rifle.

The three hobbled mules went thundering back down the road, hobbles jingling. What the youth's younger eyes saw was too dim for Duffy's old ones. But he heard Blackie squall again, a fighting sound, and then came an unmistakable cat-scream.

Marty fired, and Duffy began running. Marty passed him quickly. The mule was out at the end of his chain, and all they could see was the rolling whites of his eyes.

"Got him right in the spine—right where I aimed!" Marty chortled. "He was up on Blackie's back and I shot him right off. How's that for—I be dad-blamed!"

He ran over to the foot of the tree. Duffy, trying to get close to the mule, said, "What's the trouble?"

"There was two of them," Marty said, in an awe-struck voice. "Blackie killed his'n and then this one must have dropped on him. Come see how this lion's smashed up."

"Drag them away, so I can handle this jack," Duffy pleaded. "I think he's bad hurt."

Marty dragged the dead lions away, and then only would Blackie let them lead him down to the wagon. They chained him short, built up their fire, and examined his wounds by its light.

They were not as bad as Duffy had expected. There were some deep claw-marks on his back, but Marty had got in his shot before the lion's jaws could close on the spine.

"We'll have to throw him," Duffy worried. "I ain't never doped him before, and he ain't gonna take to it."

They looped the mule's hind legs and pulled them out from under him. After a while they got his four feet cinched together. From his dope box, Duffy took axle grease, creosote and turpentine, and mixed them together. He smeared the mule's wounds lavishly while Marty sat on its head.

Letting Blackie up was more of a problem than throwing him, but they managed it with minor bruises only. There was no more sleep for them that night. The eastern sky was already graying, and Duffy was tired. He was glad when Marty volunteered to bring back the runaways.

He came back, riding Minnie and driving Red and Pearl ahead of him. The three mules had stampeded all the way back to the halfway camp, he reported.

Duffy warmed up more beans for breakfast, while Marty harnessed the three truants.

Together they harnessed Blackie. His cuts seemed to bother him not at all.

As they broke through the pass and started down the slope, Duffy looked back. Buzzards were already wheeling down between the trees, slanting at the dead lions. It seemed too bad to Duffy. Seemed like old Blackie was entitled to some kind of a trophy.

He threw the tall brake-pole forward and leaned against it, taking some of the weight of the wagon off the wheelers' breeching. It was downhill most of the way, an old road with worked-out diggings, abandoned after the big rush 30 or 40 years ago, every few miles. Duffy watched Blackie closely whenever they hit an upgrade, but the killer mule dug in and worked with his usual will.

THEY reached the mine just before dusk; the others, starting right after Duffy, would be another hour getting here. Duffy pulled in beside the commissary dock and held the team while the swamper unloaded his wagon. Marty shouldered his rifle, picked up his duffle-bag, and headed down toward the bunkhouse. A man looking for work was entitled to supper, bed and breakfast, whether there was a job for him or not.

Duffy refused to sleep in the vermin-infested bunkhouse. He unharnessed alone, turned his three mules into a small corral, and pitched his camp up among the trees. In a little while, Marty came slouching through the trees. He sat down without a word. It was getting dark now. Marty sighed, and Duffy, toasting commissary steaks over the coals, could not see his face.

"Any luck?" he asked at length.

"No," Marty said shortly, glumly.

"He thinks I'm too young."

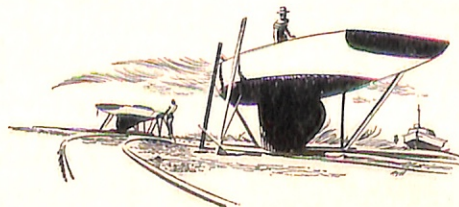
"Yes. Ike has his ideas," Duffy said diplomatically.

"I can whip any two men he's got!"

"Sure. But why don't you take a teamin' job, just for the time being?"

"Not me!" Marty shook his head, and Duffy knew he was thinking of Bill Meyers, and the trouble between them, and the need to prove he was just as big and tough as Bill. Duffy wished the kid wouldn't go back to town feeling this way, because Bill, too, was always proving how big and tough he was. In no other way could he keep the town tame.

No use trying to talk to Marty, though. He had a gun-guard job on the



brain. Duffy rolled up and slept, and the last thing he knew, Marty was still sitting there by the fire, smoking a cigaret and scowling.

It worried Duffy to awaken at daylight and find Marty gone. But in a few minutes he returned. He had only been over to the corrals, he said.

"You got a sick mule on your hands, Duffy," he said. "Damn! We're a fine pair, we are! Blackie's got a deep claw-mark on his rump—a hole, not a slash, and it's right where the britchin' rubs, and it's festered. Come look."

Duffy's heart broke at the sight of the big mule.

Blackie always kept to himself, yet this morning he was standing there with his head down, and Minnie had her neck across his back, and Red and Pearl were crowding him to get to the water trough. The mule barely looked around when Duffy and Marty crawled through the corral rails.

He was a sick mule, all right. He did not fight as they chained him to a fence. There wasn't much swelling, but the small patch of bare flesh was yellowish.

"Why didn't he limp a little to show he was hurt?" Marty grieved. "Too bull-headed, I reckon. Duffy, that's got to be opened."

Duffy began wringing his hands. There was nothing he hated worse than cutting into an animal.

"I can't do it, Marty. I just can't."

"Help me rope him, and I will."

The mule fought the ropes, but it was not his usual fight. Duffy went away then, and did not come back until Marty called him that the job was done. Ike Sellers came over to watch them let the mule up.

"I've got a sick one on my hands, Ike," Duffy said. "Let me leave him here and borry one of yours for one trip."

"Not that murderer, you can't," Ike said. "You get that jackass out of here!"

"But"

Ike just walked away.

"We'll have to switch teams," Marty said. "Put him up in front with Minnie, so he won't have the britchin' rubbing that cut."

"I never worked them that way," Duffy worried.

But there was no alternative. Adjusting the harness was a full hour's work. The lead team had no breeching—only a crupper under the tail. They had to snub Blackie to get the crupper on him, and then when they led him to the wagon he fought to take his old place beside the tongue.

Eventually they got him laced in where he belonged, and suddenly he quit fighting. When they started, Red and Pearl were the ones who caused the trouble. They were not used to the tongue and breeching, and to working so close to the wagon.

"You want me to take them?" Marty asked, as Duffy fumbled with the lines.

Duffy handed them over with a feel-

ing of relief. Marty sorted them in his hands.

"Hup, you, Blackie, Minnie!" he said, and the big, black lead mules moved out uncertainly. "Hup, Red, Pearl!"

The red wheelers flinched and danced widely. Marty snapped the end of a line at each of them, with a crack like a pistol, a bite like a knife. They jumped, and before they could change their minds they were against their collars, and pulling. Marty gave them the bit then, sawing lightly from side to side to occupy their mule minds, and in a moment they were working.

It was fine to see, the way he made wheelers out of leaders and leaders out of wheelers. But once out on the road, he seemed to lose interest. He handed the lines back to Duffy and sat there with his shoulders hunched dejectedly, his huge, powerful hands stroking the satiny barrel of the rifle until it got on Duffy's nerves.

THEY drove straight on past the spot where Blackie had killed his lion, when evening came. Duffy just didn't feel like he wanted to spend another night there, for a while. There were three other contract rigs camping down the grade. They didn't welcome the killer mule, but they saw Marty Herndon's face and said nothing.

Duffy, examining Blackie's wound by the light of a fat-pine torch, shook his head. Blackie had pulled with a will all day; but now his wound was closed, and more swollen. It looked like blood-poisoning to Duffy.

And this wasn't what Duffy meant, when he thought maybe Blackie should have been killed cleanly, by a lion. No, it should have happened in the heat of battle, Blackie's hoofs and teeth against the other killer's fangs and claws, until one went down. Blood-poisoning was as dirty a way to die as Bill Meyers' gun.

In the morning, though, the mule looked better. He fought the crupper, and he fought taking the lead. Once hitched, he quieted down like a good mule.

The sun was still high when they came to the last switchback above the town. Wagons bound up the grade had the right-of-way here, and down-bound teamsters usually let their rigs stand while they walked ahead to reconnoiter the curve. Before Duffy could stop, Marty slid to the ground, taking his rifle. He couldn't seem to go a step without that gun.

"I'll go ahead and flag for you," he said. "Anybody coming up can stop for a sick mule, I reckon."

Duffy knew what the kid was doing. He was building Blackie up in his mind as a hero, a lion-killer instead of a man-killer, something to be cherished—something worth fighting Bill Meyers about. Sulking because Ike Sellers wouldn't make a guard of him, he couldn't wait to get back to town and show what a

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man he was by having a showdown with Bill.

He disappeared around the curve. Blackie and Minnie started to swing around it, too. Nikani's farm came into view. Minnie, on the outside, pressed away from the sheer drop. She wasn't sure of herself, out there in the lead.

Blackie faltered. Duffy felt a warning, something crazy, feverish and hateful, telegraphed up the heavy line. He stood up in quick alarm and shuffled his lines expertly, checking his leaders in short.

"Hup, Blackie—you mule, you!" he said sharply.

HE WAS too late. No one needed to tell him that. Blackie went up on his hind legs. His eyes were rolling. His sign, which Duffy had transferred when he changed harness, clattered loudly. He made that sound—the one he had made fighting the lion, the one that put Duffy's teeth on edge.

He came down across Minnie's back, and the honest old mare-mule squealed as he got hold of one of her ears, with his teeth. The red wheelers swung their heads wildly toward the middle of the road and sat down hard in the breeching. The wagon cramped, and a front wheel screamed raucously against the rub-iron on the bottom of the wagon bed. The wagon teetered perilously, and Duffy had to bunch the lines in one hand to grab the brake-pole with the other. Nakani's little truck patch was squarely below him as the wagon hung over the edge.

Minnie went down, and her hind feet went out from under her. Pearl went down and hung in her breeching, her eyes rolling with terror, her four legs flailing at emptiness.

"Let go the lines, let go the lines!" came Marty Herndon's voice.

Marty had Minnie's inside check, pulling hard at her bit. One of Minnie's ears hung limp, where Blackie had bitten through the cartilage. She was half over the edge of the bank, and there was no breeching to hold her.

Blackie was sprawled on top of her. He was not fighting now. He was half down, wheezing the painful, noisy breath of high fever. The thumps, this breathing was called, and a horse-creature never lasted long after it came.

Marty had his rifle in his right hand, holding it like a pistol. He pulled at Minnie's bit with his left and punched at Blackie's face with the rifle muzzle. Duffy heard the hard blows land sickeningly, but the big, black mule did not even seem to see Marty, let alone feel the blows.

Not at first, that is.

Then suddenly he dug in with his forefeet and reached for Marty. He came up, and he made that sound again. The wagon rocked and came down solidly on all four wheels.

All of Blackie's magnificent strength

went into that last desperate lurch. Marty backed away from him, jabbing at him with the rifle, taunting him with strident yells. No mule had ever pulled as Blackie did, trying to kill just one more man. Of this, Duffy Eades would always be sure.

All alone, Blackie pulled the wagon away from the edge of the bank. All alone, he pulled Pearl up to solid ground. Minnie got her four feet under her and stumbled to her feet, one half-severed ear hanging limply.

One last choking scream came from Blackie, and then Marty, still holding the gun pistol-wise, pulled the trigger. The big mule went down, and the dust swirled quietly for a second or two, and then Minnie blew softly through her nostrils and shook herself.

"Take your lines and hold your wheelers, while I get Minnie out of the way," Marty said.

"In a minute." Duffy covered his face with his hands. It just didn't seem possible that Blackie was dead. It didn't seem right he should die that way, his last awareness on earth being of a cruel man being cruel to him.

The terrible waste of it was what Duffy felt. He helped Marty take the harness off the dead mule. With the brake pole, they pried him over the edge of the bank, and his great, unused strength and will to pull were lost forever as he turned over and over, hurtling down into the canyon. The buzzards—the same ones that had cleaned the lions, probably—were circling overhead before the dust settled.

"What'll I do with this?" Marty asked.

Duffy shook his head. He couldn't talk yet. Marty shrugged and threw Blackie's sign over after him.

IT WAS a bad night for Duffy. Not the least of his worries was what he'd do for another mule. From having the best team on the job, overnight he was down to having none at all. Contract freighters didn't make much money. Maybe he'd better sell his outfit and go to work in the stables up at the mine. Ike would always give him a job.

But worst of all was the terrible feeling of waste about Blackie. Duffy had loved that mule a lot. He kept seeing him going over the edge, turning over and over as he fell down, down, down.

Boots McArdle came around as Duffy was feeding his mules the next morning. The liveryman was a good judge of horses and mules—but as a trader, not one who worked them.

"Reckon you wouldn't want to part with that mare mule, now you've lost her mate," he said, pointing to Minnie.

"Well, I sure don't want to," Duffy said.

"The Jap would like to have her," said McArdle. "He'll trade you his buckskins even up. Those bucks would make you a good pair of leaders, Duffy, and the Jap can use one mule on his

middle-buster if she's a pullin' fool like Minnie."

"Why... why..."

Duffy's unsteady heart filled. How much of this swap proposition was business, and how much just Nakani's way of saying, I'm sorry? He didn't know, but Minnie would be just right for Nakani, and there she'd be a member of the family.

The buckskins could pull the harness off horses that outweighed them half a ton, and they walked out with a load like they enjoyed working. He began to see hope again.

"Why, I guess so, Boots. Why, I could get another load up the grade today, if I got a move on," he said.

"That's what Nakani figgered," said Boots. "He's got the bucks down to my stable, in case you decided to swap. You go ahead and harness up. I'll just take Minnie along."

NOTHING really changed in these backwoods mountain towns, especially when a man reached Duffy's age. He did the same things over and over, day after day, with the same loafers watching and offering advice. His wagon was loaded. Red and Pearl were hitched astride the tongue. Bill Meyers pushed through the crowd as Duffy adjusted the black mules' harness down to where it would fit the buckskins.

"That's a lot better than that outlaw jack, Duffy," he said. "He'd have killed you sooner or later."

"You let me alone!" Duffy said shrilly. "Mind your own business! You had your way, didn't you?"

Bill's small, gray eyes narrowed. He didn't like to be talked to this way. He didn't understand Duffy's awful sense of waste and loss, or even that a man could love a mule. He understood only that he had to keep his brutal weight pressed down heavily at all times, to keep the precarious peace here.

The same things happening, over and over... A peaked hat loomed over the crowd, and young Marty Herndon came shoving through, as old Duffy tremblingly did up the buckskins' lead-lines. He ranged up beside Bill Meyers and looked him in the eye.

"Let him alone, Bill," he said quietly. "Seems to me that if you did your work, there wouldn't be time to pester folks like Duffy."

Bill did not blink. He said softly, "You finally fixin' to take me on?"

"No," said Marty. "I ain't fixin' to take you on." He turned to Duffy. "How about a ride up to the mine?"

There was something different about him, somehow. Bill Meyers had sensed it, too, or he wouldn't have turned on his heel as he had. Bill was walking away through the crowd, as though no problem existed here. Marty's rooster attitude of challenge was gone. He was more of a man, somehow, and less of a kid.

There was something else different,

and it finally came to Duffy what it was.

"Sure," he said, "glad to have your company. But where's your rifle?"

"Sold it."

"Then—?"

"I'll ask Ike for a teamin' job. Climb up."

Duffy climbed up. Marty handed him the lines and swarmed up over the wheel and sat down. Duffy sorted the four lines uncertainly. This team was all out of kilter. The feel was all wrong. Suddenly he missed his big, black mules poignantly. It took old Blackie to break out a load and start it moving.

He bunched the lines in one hand and rubbed his face with the other, shaking his head.

"The best mule I ever owned," he said. "Old Blackie never knowed what the word quit meant."

"Sure," said Marty, "and what did it get him?"

Duffy looked at him. "How's that?"

"He's dead, ain't he?"

"Blackie never had no chance," Duffy cried. "He was mistreated and abused all his life."

Marty swore. "Not all his life! I never seen you raise a hand to him, but he tried often to kill you. Didn't he now?"

"Well, yes," said Duffy, some of the load lifting from his heart. The red wheel-mules shifted their feet, wondering what the delay was all about.

"He could whip anything but himself, and that's just about the size of it, now, ain't it?"

"Well, yes," said Duffy, as the buckskin leaders stirred restlessly.

"He'd still be alive," Marty said, "if he'd pulled his weight and let it go at that. I figure a man ought to have more sense than a mule."

For a long time, Duffy had been trying to talk some sense into this kid, and now here the kid himself was talking sense. Marty was a man now, seeing clearly the lights that a man must live by. Old Blackie had taught him that, paying his way even as he destroyed himself. So it wasn't all waste after all.

Something magic flowed up the lines as Duffy sorted them in his hands—something that made those two buckskin horses and those two red mules one welded unit, rhythmically indivisible.

"Hup there, Red—Pearl!" Duffy said. "Hup there, Kono—Miyuka!"

The wagon creaked into smooth, fluid movement. The willing little buckskins went up on toe and dug in, until Duffy checked them back. The red mules hit their collars with a smack, and by the time they rounded the first switchback, it was as though these four had been working together all their lives.

Duffy got one glimpse of Nakani, and waved back. Minnie was making the dirt fly on the middle-buster, with a chain of flowers around her neck and a red silk scarf on her half-severed ear. Then the pines closed in darkly, bringing peace.

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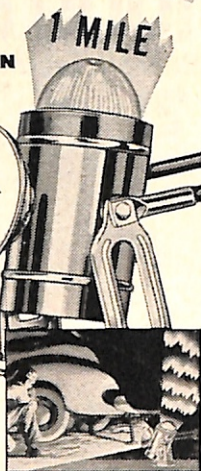
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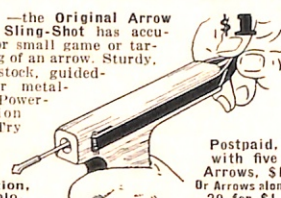
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Grand Secretary Seeks Old Printed Rituals

GRAND SECRETARY MASTERS would like to have in the archives of the Order a copy of each of the printed rituals of the Order issued in the past.

At the present time he has the following printed rituals:

Ritual adopted	1884
Ritual adopted	1895
Ritual adopted	1906
Ritual adopted	1911
Ritual adopted	1912
Ritual adopted	1917
Ritual adopted	1918
Ritual adopted	1919
Ritual adopted	1923—Part One
Ritual adopted	1925 (Special Services)
Ritual adopted	1930

If any member of the Order has a printed ritual of any date other than those indicated above, the Grand Secretary would appreciate it very much if the Brother in question would be willing to place it with the other printed rituals in the archives.

If the Brother, however, does not wish to part with it permanently, the Grand Secretary would appreciate it if the Brother would send it to him. J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary B. P. O. Elks, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago 14, Ill., and give him an opportunity to have a copy made for the archives, after which he would return the printed copy to the sender.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 11)

naturally I tried to carry my shotgun along with me at the same time that I was fly-fishing for trout. A trout fisherman is bedeviled enough with odd paraphernalia without adding a double-barreled shotgun to the load. Invariably I had the wrong item of equipment in my hands at the right time. I didn't get a duck, or even shoot at one, although there were plenty around. Eventually I put the gun and shells aside, trying to make believe that every fat mallard that flew by was nothing but an old saw-billed sheldrake.

Without the gun we did get plenty of trout that afternoon. The thing that impressed me most was that here on the same day that I had shot a goose and three or four kinds of ducks. I took both a rainbow and a brown trout 20 inches long. All that would have been necessary to make the day complete would have been to toss in a Kodiak bear or two.

Joe and Egbert fished from a skiff near the river-mouth and caught even more trout than I did from shore—up to the point, that is, that Egbert dropped his rod and reel overboard; they spent the rest of the day dragging for it.

A few evenings later, we decided to try for geese again the next morning. The

valley was still full of them. Joe and I were experienced hands at the game by now, having each brought in one, so we briefed Egbert on the subject before turning in. The next morning we were both in the kitchen a half-hour ahead of schedule. A rattling window somehow had kept me awake, and Joe said it was the cake he'd eaten just before going to bed that had kept him from sleeping. When the time came, we dragged Egbert out and started out.

This time we didn't have long to wait. We were in the ditch with the decoys set at shooting time, with Joe and me on the ends and Egbert in the middle. We figured it didn't matter much where we put him. Almost as soon as we were set, a lone pair of geese appeared up the valley headed our way. It was unusual to see two alone and they would decoy almost certainly. They came by along the river-side, made one long swing below the set, then bowed their wings and came in as though they meant it. When they were in good range, I took the one on the right, but somehow I missed. I don't understand it. Then someone let fire at the left-hand bird, and before I could get off my second barrel, a third shot folded the goose in front of me. I swung around

just in time to see the second one fold up. "Nice shooting," I said to Joe as I stood up.

"I missed clean," he answered as he rose out of the grass.

We looked at Egbert between us. He was leaning, relaxed and calm, against the ditch bank. Without glancing up he

Armed for Big Game

(Continued from page 9)

second-rate for the little Coast blacktails in the rain forests of the Pacific slope.

One of the sweetest rifles for fast shooting in heavy cover is the slide-action Remington Model 141. This is a natural for the man who uses a pump shotgun. It is manufactured in 30, 32 and 35 Remington calibers, but the last is by far the best, in my opinion. While it might be argued that the big 200-grain bullet at better than 2,200 feet per second is needlessly powerful for deer, still it is a brush-bucking fool that will drop a 400-pound bear in his tracks. In the hands of a careful shot, it also is adequate for larger game, such as moose.

The 35 Remington is not a long-range cartridge. Its blunt bullet and moderate velocity result in a high trajectory that rules out 300- and 400-yard shots. No good hunter takes a chance at that range when there is any possible alternative, anyway—no matter what rifle he shoots—and you simply don't see game that far away in the woods. There a shot at 150 yards is an exceptionally long one, and you don't have to think about the trajectory of the 35 at that distance.

Another Remington, the Model 81 autoloader, is also chambered for this cart-

broke open his double, the ejectors tossing two empties out over his shoulder. Slowly and deliberately he lifted the muzzle toward the sky and calmly blew the smoke out of each barrel.

"Now if you two will just sit down and keep quiet," he said, "I'll catch up on my sleep."

ridge. It, too, is a fine woods rifle, particularly for fast shooting at running game, or for the sportsman who is accustomed to an "automatic" shotgun.

The Model 81 is available in 30 Remington and 300 Savage calibers, as well as 35. If you expect to use this rifle for longer shots, the 300 Savage is a better choice; in fact, this cartridge excels the 35 both in flatness of trajectory and in muzzle energy. However, its lighter, more pointed bullet is not so good for bucking brush as the blunt-nosed 35.

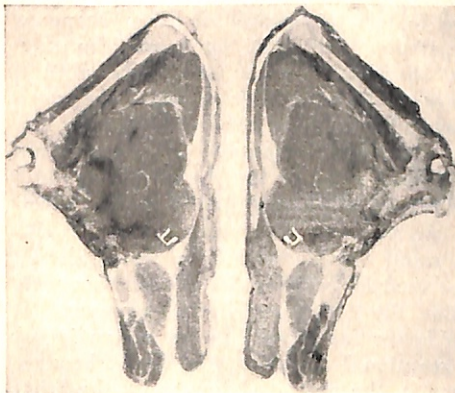
Still a third rifle, this one in lever-action, is available for the excellent 35 Remington cartridge. This is the Marlin Model 336, and either the carbine or the 24-inch-barrel rifle is a splendid choice for the woods hunter who prefers a lever action but still wants the 35's stopping power.

CONTINUING in the lever-action field, we turn to the outstanding Savage Model 99, made in 250-3000 and 300 Savage calibers. Both are fine cartridges for all deer hunting and while the light bullet of the 250 may be easily deflected by brush, it has long been a favorite of experienced hunters all over the country. Actually, because of the flat trajectory of its bullets, this rifle is a leader among lever actions for open-country hunting. In 300 caliber, the Model 99 is a top-notch woods rifle; it handles fast and points naturally.

This brings us to the excellent Winchester lever-action rifles, one of which, the Model 71 in 348 caliber, is unique. This cartridge is powerful enough for all American game; with the big 250-grain bullet it has over 3,000 foot pounds muzzle energy—more than any standard 30-06 load. This certainly is needlessly powerful for deer, yet I consider the 348 a top-notch woods rifle for two reasons: First, it is a fast-handling, natural pointer, like a well-balanced shotgun, and, second, the big, heavy bullet will plow straight on through brush where a lighter one would be deflected.

The luckiest shot I ever made on big game was with a 348. Jim Clark and I were hunting near an alpine lake in the high country of Idaho. He was on the ridge on one side; I was walking along the ridge on the other. We were between 400 and 500 yards apart.

Suddenly, while I was watching the opposite slope, I saw a bear slip out of some heavy growth below Jim and start across a patch of barren ground. It was



Jacket of a 130-grain Silvertip 270 bullet sawed exactly in half by the butcher as he cut off steaks. Meat was frozen. This bullet entered a huge buck right in the spot where he would tie his tie if he wore one. He was standing at about 120 yards range, slightly uphill of the hunter. Bullet went up through the chest cavity without touching a thing; then ranged through ribs and back along one side until it stopped near the rearmost rib steaks. Dark spots in the steaks were caused by flying fragments of core and jacket. Remainder of the core was found in one of these steaks about an inch from the jacket. Although it stopped less than four inches from the spinal cord, this shot was not fatal and the buck was able to regain his feet in less than a minute.

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a good, strong 300 yards away, but it had only a little way to go to a string of alders that ran on beyond the end of the lake. I knew that I would never see it again if it reached them, and it was below the brow of the hill from Jim.

My rifle was sighted for 200 yards. I sat down, cocked the gun and then gave a sharp whistle. The bear paused momentarily, turned my way and raised his head to look around. I pushed the front head up past his shoulder and when it blotted him out completely I squeezed the trigger. He let loose all holds and started tumbling down the hill like a sack of potatoes.

When I got around the lake to him I discovered that the bullet had struck between the eye and ear, pulverizing his skull. To hit him in this particular spot, of course, was pure luck. Nevertheless, with the 200-grain bullet, which probably is best for deer and bear, the 348 is perfectly capable of good, consistent shooting at 200 yards or a little farther.

Despite the outstanding qualities of the 348, it is the Winchester Model 94 lever-action carbine that is best known. If there is any one rifle that has earned the title of "deer gun" the nation over, this is it. Short, light, fast, easy to carry on foot or horseback, the Model 94 is a universal favorite. It is made in 30-30, 32 Winchester Special and 25-35 calibers. This first two are better. The 25-35 cartridge is too light for any but a very good and careful shot.

For those who prefer a longer barrel and pistol grip, Winchester makes the Model 64 lever action in 30-30 and 32 Special calibers. It has a half magazine and is deservedly popular as a deer rifle for woods hunting.

One other gun completes the Winchester line of rifles for hunting in heavily timbered areas. It is the Model 07 self-loader in 351 caliber. This cartridge, with only 1,370-foot-pounds muzzle energy, is very light for deer. The rifle is extremely popular in some areas, however, especially in the South where quick shots at close range are the rule. It handles fast, points naturally and enables the hunter to get off six shots as rapidly as he can pull the trigger.

For hunting in open country—and that includes a great block of land sprawling irregularly from Mexico to Alaska—the bolt-action rifle reigns supreme. This is not so much because of the inherent accuracy of this type of gun as the fact that it is adapted to better cartridges for long-range shooting.

Calibers such as the 257, 270, 30-06 and 300 Magnum, because of their accuracy and flat trajectory, are first choice for mule deer, antelope, bighorn sheep and other game that inhabit the land of scattered timber. Unlike the woods hunter who considers a 100-yard shot a long one, the rifleman in the arid West sees most of his game beyond 200 yards. He needs a cartridge, rifle and sighting



In land of scattered timber, you often see game at tremendous distances. Sometimes it is impossible to get close. Then you need an accurate, long-range rifle with scope sight.

equipment that give him every possible aid toward putting his bullet in the right spot at long range.

This is not to say that any good sportsman would attempt to kill a deer 300 yards away when there was a chance to get closer. On the contrary, when you are shooting across draws or canyons or hunting on a treeless plain you often have to take your chances at long range or else not shoot at all.

THERE are four commercial American bolt-action rifles. They are the Winchester Model 70, the Savage Model 340 (30-30 caliber only) and the Remington Models 721 and 722. Since the 722 actually is a short-action version of the 721 and the 30-30 is a woods cartridge, however, there really are only two standard rifles for long-range shooting in open country.

In addition, there are a few imported rifles in use and a great many that were custom-built by gunsmiths on foreign actions, usually the German Mauser, or converted from U. S. military rifles. Whether one of these is good or bad depends entirely on the man who made it up. Some of them are beautiful examples of the rifle-making art, accurate and dependable; others I would be afraid to shoot.

The fact that I did not list any bolt action among woods rifles doesn't mean that they can't be used there. Similarly, some of the others, especially the 250 and 300 Savage, are good plains guns. It is simply that the bolt actions are at their best when equipped with 'scope sights for slow, deliberate, extremely accurate long-range shooting. The other

types excel for ease of carrying, fast handling and fast shooting in the timber.

The sights with which a rifle is equipped are almost as important as the gun itself. In choosing them one should consider not only the game and kind of country in which it is found, but the temperament, training and physical qualifications of the hunter.

A man who does most of his shooting with a shotgun and then hunts big game only a few days a year probably would be foolish to attempt to use a scope or aperture rear sight for woods hunting. A shallow, V-notch rear sight with a large gold bead in front would be much faster for him. They would enable him to take full advantage of his shotgun training when he had to hit a bounding whitetail at close range in heavy cover.

An aperture rear sight, even one with a small disc and big hole, which should be used for hunting, is far more accurate than the best open sights, however. It is better for anyone whose vision is not exceptional because you look through, not at, the peep and have only the front sight and the game to keep in focus.

The man whose eyesight is not as good as it was probably should use a low-power scope for woods hunting. Even though it is slightly slower—a scope is surprisingly fast, once a man becomes accustomed to it, however—it will enable him to aim accurately when he cannot see iron sights at all. In addition, a scope will pick up game and define it clearly under conditions when he can't even make it out with his naked eye.

For long-range shooting in the open with a bolt-action rifle in a caliber like

the 270, it is impossible to get the best out of the gun-cartridge combination without a scope. Here, where longer shots are the rule, speed is not so important. A man almost always has time to take a steady sitting or prone position. A four-power scope is my choice, although I would prefer one of 2½-power in the woods.

This brings us, finally, to the matter of choosing the right cartridge. Modern ammunition is a marvel of dependability; I never have had a misfire with a high-power rifle. Yet, unless the load is chosen wisely for the job it has to do, your rifle won't give you the best of which it is capable and your hunting trip may end in disappointment.

It is the bullet that kills the game. Hunter, rifle and the other components of the cartridge can do no more than insure the bullet's hitting the right spot at adequate velocity. Whether the hit results in a clean kill or a cripple depends on the bullet.

The ideal bullet is one that won't blow up at close range where it is traveling fast, and still will mushroom properly at long range after it has shed a lot of velocity. The Winchester-Western Silvertip bullets, the Remington Core-Lokt and the Peters Inner Belted, all relatively new developments, were designed to achieve this ideal.

In general, you want a heavy bullet with a tough jacket for deep penetration on large game, such as moose. You should use a lighter bullet that will expand quickly for game the size of deer and antelope. Bullets that open up quickly with an almost explosive effect,

such as the Remington Bronze Point, have earned the dislike of some hunters who claim they waste too much meat. However, as Jack O'Connor once pointed out, the worst waste of meat is to cripple an animal and let it get away. These fast-working bullets are terrific killers on deer and other game of similar size.

There is a bullet designed for every hunting need, including considerable variety in weight and type in all the popular calibers. Any well-informed sporting goods salesman can help you select the right one for the game you intend to hunt. Publications of the arms and ammunition manufacturers are well worth studying.

Finally, target your rifle carefully with the ammunition you intend to use on your hunt. Different loads almost always center their groups in different spots on the target, even when fired from the same rifle with identical sight settings. You want to *know* that your bullet will hit exactly where you aim. No good hunter subscribes to the reasoning of the dealer who once tried to sell me a used revolver. When I picked it up to examine it, I discovered that the cylinder was very loose. I laid it down quickly and said, "I don't want it. It won't shoot straight."

"No," he admitted, "it won't. But," he added hopefully, "it's just as apt to hit what you're shooting at as anything else."

I had to admit that he was right, but the big-game hunter needs better odds than that. The surrounding landscape is a whole lot bigger than the vital spot on a deer.

It Takes Nerve to Bag a Ram

(Continued from page 7)

big all right, but everything in that stand-on-end country is so big that he saw it out of proportion. With his glass, he saw, on the very first morning, right from camp, a group of sheep up on the mountain side. The guide looked them over, and pronounced one ram good enough to try for. The hunter was eager to race off after his trophy. "We'll wait," the guide told him, "until they stop feeding and lie down. Then we'll be certain they'll stay put for several hours. Otherwise, they may feed along for some distance, and we'll get there to discover we've lost them."

Finally the sheep bedded down. An hour later the hunter and his guide were well started up the mountain. But the guide was doing a lot of waiting while the "tough" hunter paused to rest, and to get enough breath to send him on up the slope. Three hours later, the guide, who was used to the thin atmosphere and the awesome pitch of the mountains, was getting worried. There was still a distance of several miles to circle in order to come up within shooting range, but still out of sight of the resting sheep.

By the time the place came into view

which had been chosen as the shooting spot, the hunter was so exhausted he had to rest a long time in order to still his trembling muscles. Contrary to the guide's previous advice, he decided to poke his head just slightly above the rocks behind which they had been moving, to make sure the ram was still there. Carefully and slowly he raised his head until he could see. Surely no animal living could possibly see so slight a movement at that distance. To his chilling astonishment, however, the trophy ram was on his feet instantly, and the rest of the group leaped up as their leader gave this danger signal. That's a habit they have, bedding in the open, in plain sight of enemies, but also where their amazing eyes can detect the slightest movement hundreds of yards away. In front of the sheep was what appeared to be a sheer cliff dropping down hundreds of feet. In one bound the flock stepped off the ledge and disappeared over the cliff!

The guide turned back in disgust. But the hunter was determined that those crazy sheep had killed themselves. He insisted on going to the spot. The very ram he wanted, he was positive, was lying

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dead down there on the rocks below. Maybe his trophy might even be retrieved somehow. When they arrived at the suicide leap, no dead sheep were lying beneath them. The face of the cliff looked smooth, and so close to perpendicular that no man could possibly scale it. Yet the sheep had stepped over the edge, and gone bounding down. They do it commonly and casually every day of their lives, whether frightened or not. Their feet have suction-like pads which grip the rock. They know every inch of their dangerous terrain. That cliff face had many small toe-holds, and they knew it. They simply keep moving, bounding from toe-hold to toe-hold, zigzagging downward, letting momentum and the slight breaks in momentum carry them to safety.

No hunter has ever got a ram in a corner from which it could not extricate itself. The ram thinks of that before he beds down, and as he feeds. But many a ram has caused a hunter to get into spots from which he has extricated himself only at risk of death. I know one such hunter. He's an old hand at it, a surgeon who, like all sheep-hunt enthusiasts, considers the bagging of a ram the ultimate in tests both of physical stamina and mental determination. At this very moment, as I write this, the surgeon is in Alaska training for a ram hunt. Like a fighter, he has been in strict training for almost two months now. He knows that the physical endurance required to bag a trophy ram outclasses that required in any sport you can name. He knows the danger, too—having learned the hard way.

ON HIS first ram hunt, he had planned well, getting himself in shape long beforehand to stand the brutal physical work of stalking his trophy. For days, he and his guide climbed the killing slopes, crossing dangerous slides, clinging to dizzy ledges, and gasping for breath to push on. And, day after day, they located sheep. But with heart-breaking regularity each group proved, when the hunters finally got close enough to glass it carefully with a spotting 'scope, to contain no head worth the taking. No guide, nor any sheep hunter, would think of killing a sheep without a worthy set of full-curved horns. To kill a mountain sheep nowadays simply for the meat, or indiscriminately, is considered little short of sinful.

Time was, of course, when the bighorns were extremely abundant over a great stretch of the West, from the Dakotas and Oregon clear down through western Mexico. As the West was opened they became a prime source of meat for high-country mining camps. Market hunters slaughtered them at water holes. That's one reason—that and the crowding of civilization—that the ram is such an eagerly-sought trophy today. Although there still are a few thousand animals scattered through the remote high mountains of our West, there is no legal hunting to speak of at any time. Occasionally Wyo-

ming and Idaho have, and have had, open bighorn seasons. But ram hunting today is almost entirely an Alaskan and western Canadian endeavor. In those territories the white Dall sheep, the very dark Stone ram and some bighorns range.

At any rate, at the beginning of the second week, when the surgeon was beginning to get thin and haggard, though hardened in both mind and body, he and the guide separated in order to try to locate a trophy ram. If the surgeon spotted one, he was to shoot it. If the guide discovered one, he was to mark well the slope on which it was living. Since lone rams, or even groups, seldom move far unless disturbed, there would be ample time during the week to stalk any ram the guide located.

Luckily, the surgeon located the ram he wanted. He climbed most of the day, circling to get within range and still keep out of sight. Sheep hunters don't worry too much about wind direction. The mountain sheep's nose, though fairly good, is not as sharp as that of most other big game. Neither does the hunter worry too much about knocking rocks and pebbles loose as he climbs. Sheep are used to the sound of falling rocks. The main thing is to stay out of sight of those fabulous golden eyes. You could stand immobile for hours within rifle range of a wise old ram and not spook him. But move an eyelash and he's gone.

When the doctor finally came to the spot from which he had planned to shoot, he discovered that he had miscalculated. He was below his trophy—and the only way possible to line himself up for a shot was to scale an almost vertical cliff-face. He looked it over carefully while resting, then slung his rifle and started up. An hour later, his hands were cut and bleeding, his knees were knocked raw, he was covered with bruises, he had lost his pack and his glass, and he was utterly exhausted. In addition, he had come to a point directly under the ram, out of its sight, and not a hundred yards away. And now the awful realization hit him that he could absolutely go no farther. The cliff face was smooth and straight.

For the first time now, he pressed himself against his narrow ledge and looked down. Stark horror hit him like a blast from the rifle slung across his back. He had been so determined to get his ram that he had not considered how he would get back down. Going up a cliff face, as any experienced mountain climber knows, is one thing; coming down is something far different. It can be the difference between life and death.

Trembling, chilled with sweat and the bite of the thin, high air, the doctor carefully sat himself down on the ledge and tried desperately to keep his eyes away from what was below him. He was trapped. The guide did not know where he was. It would be dark in a few hours. He had nothing to eat or drink. Even if someone could get to him the next day, he was positive in his frantic fear that he

could not possibly survive a night here on the narrow ledge, nor have strength left to get back down even with assistance. For the first time in his life he was completely possessed by overwhelming fear. He was frozen to the ledge.

But as it happened, the doctor had an exceptionally good guide, a guide who knew every inch of the terrain. The guide scanned it thoroughly with his glass, too, that very afternoon. Hours before, he had seen the doctor going up, and had fired his gun to warn him. But the hunter had been so engrossed that between the sound of his rasping breath and the clatter of falling shale he had not heard the shots. Now, however, the doctor did hear a shot. It gave him a wild hope, and he answered it. That exchange of shots probably saved his life. The guide was then well on his way to extricate his charge, but without the encouragement of the gun the doctor might well have become panicked and, in some desperate attempt to help himself, have committed suicide instead.

Just at dusk that evening, there came a shout from above, from almost the exact spot where the ram had been bedded. A strong flashlight beam cut down through the dusk. A long, stout rope came slithering down. The exhausted hunter tied it securely around his middle, and the guide and his horse wrangler hauled him up.

IT IS CURIOUS what strange force drives the veteran big-game man to keep trying with almost fanatic fervor to bring down a ram's head of record proportions. It's curious, that is, until you stand and gaze at such a trophy. The longest horns so far recorded were those of a Stone sheep—one of the very dark, almost black, variety with light rump which ranges in northern British Columbia. The left horn of this Stone sheep was almost 52 inches long, with a circumference at the base of nearly 15 inches.

Some hunters try desperately for these long horns. Some look for massive shorter horns, with greater base circumference, usually found on the bighorn species. Such a pair of horns will be curled clear around into a complete circle. The points will usually be "broomed off"—that is, worn down by the ram by rubbing against rocks. The ram purposely grinds them down, for they get in the way of his vision to either side. One such record head has horns measuring over four feet along the outer curve, with a circumference at the base of 16 inches. Some shorter horns have measured even thicker at the base. It is the majestic appearance of these great heads, and their rarity nowadays, which drives hunters with nerve to spar with death in the world of crags and snow and freezing winds, where mankind has never yet learned how to feel at home.

A few hunters actually have done more than shadow-box with the grim reaper in the vertical land of the great rams. Those few are the ones who never lived to col-

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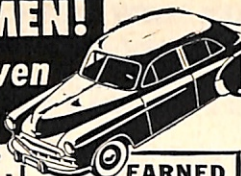
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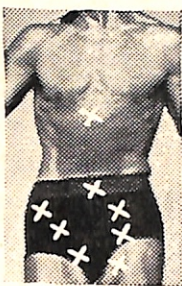
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lect the trophies they were after. Recently I talked to a man who has sheep fever. He told me about his favorite gun which he claims is the weapon to bring in a record head one day. It's a .270, and he uses a 130-grain load. The gun is light to carry on the tortuous up-trails, and it has the flat trajectory necessary where ranges may be very long. Fitted with four-power telescope-sight with cross-hairs, the gun, plus a good binocular, not too bulky to carry but with plenty of power, plus a good spotting scope, comprise his favorite outfit.

But it was not the outfit which most impressed me as we talked. It was the nerve of the man who spoke fondly of his ram-hunting tools. He used to have a favorite hunting partner, too. That's why I feel this hunter has real fortitude to keep trying for his record head—for the partner, you see, was one of those who didn't live to collect his trophy. Several years ago they had glassed a ram who had staked out as his claim one of the toughest hunks of country they had ever been in. This was no ordinary ram. It was a bighorn whose head appeared through the binocular to be far and away a record.

PATIENTLY the two men plotted and planned the ram's downfall. Each day after the hunting plan was made, they climbed the mountain where the big and wary beast made his home. Once, when they were almost within range, for some unknown reason he became fidgety, leaped a narrow chasm, and was quickly lost from view among jumbled rock. Toward the end of a full two weeks of attempting to get within range, and still be in a shooting spot which would allow them to retrieve the trophy, they spotted him bedded beside a steep shale slide.

The two hunters separated. The hunter who lived to tell the tale made a wide

circle to head off the ram should he attempt to cross the treacherous shale. Through his glass the doctor was witness to the sickening incident which followed. He watched his partner slowly make his expert stalk. He watched the hunter come to his shooting position, saw him sit down and rest until his nerves and muscles were relaxed for positive shooting. Then, just as the man was bringing up his gun and drawing down at no more than 50 yards, the big ram got up from his bed, walked behind an outcrop which cut him off from the shooter's view. The ram stretched his muscles, and suddenly set off across the shale slide.

The amazing beast did it casually, simply bouncing along. A mountain lion would have broken his neck over the stuff, but the big ram bounded over it as if riding the air, his sure feet delicately sending him on as the shale slid out from under him. The hunter, frustrated, and now so close, leaped up and raced around to get a view and try a running shot. In his excitement he must have forgotten the danger of the shale, or, possibly, seeing the ram bound over it, he forgot caution and was drawn on as if mesmerized by that fanatically-desired set of mammoth curled horns.

He hit the shale slide running full tilt. There was the explosion of the gun accidentally discharged as the hunter went hurtling downward. To the watcher who gripped his glass helplessly, there was the imagined clatter of rock, and a startled shout. That was all. This year, the man who all too often relives that scene with a shudder, trying to blot it from his mind, is going back to that same mountain. Perhaps the big record ram still roams that death-jinxed bailiwick. Maybe, this year, his stately head will be measured and the data entered in some official record book. It does, for certain, take nerve to bag a ram!

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 26)

support the claim that for many years he has been China's leading sporting dog, the mainstay of the man who would ahunting go. He has good scenting ability, can "point" and is a smart field dog. In 1780 a brace of these dogs came to England from Canton, but the breed really didn't "take hold" in England until about 1880. A misunderstood fellow, some say he's anti-social, which is true to the extent that he is a dog of great dignity and reserve and is quick to resent any familiarity on the part of strangers—and who can blame him for that? To his master and his household he is loyal and affectionate but, as you may have gathered, he's not a lap dog. He's a man among dogs, even if he happens to be a lady chow. You couldn't find a better guardian nor one that will more readily go to war in his efforts to protect you or your property. As I said before, his tongue and mouth must be blue-black; if

not, he's a freak. You'll find him in any color, but it must be solid and clear. His coat must be thick and rather coarse with a soft woolly undercoat. There are no specific weight or height designations for him, but he should be fairly large and powerfully built, with a general effect of sturdiness.

Another interesting member of this group is the Dalmatian, or coach dog, of whom Mark Twain said he wasn't sure whether it was a white dog with black spots, or a black dog with white spots. At any rate, along with that combination there is another color variety—liver, or brown, and white, seldom seen off the show bench. His origin is said to be Dalmatia, a place on the Adriatic Sea, once part of the Austrian empire. For some unknown reason this dog takes to horses like no other, and for this reason was an accepted part of equipment for every firehouse; as a matter of fact, he

still is, in spite of the fact that the horse no longer is. That horsey country, England, quickly adopted the Dalmatian and he was widely used back in the days when coaching wasn't just a sport but a necessary means of transportation. His greatest use was in guarding the owner's vehicle while in transit. An excellent field dog, a good assistant huntsman, the Dalmatian, in my opinion, is a remote cousin to the pointer. He is an exceptionally clean dog in coat and habits, and he doesn't require much grooming. He's not a quarrelsome dog either. An odd thing about him is that he is born pure white, and acquires his spots as he grows older. These should be distinct, well-defined and not intermingled, and there should be no solid patches of color. His weight ranges from 35 to 50 pounds.

A BREED you'll seldom see outside a dog show, and another non-sporting dog, is the French bulldog. He's an offshoot of the English bulldog, the chief difference being his erect "bat" ear. Other than this characteristic, he resembles his English ancestor pretty closely. When shown, there are two classes—light-weight, under 22 pounds; heavyweight, from 22 pounds to no more than 28 pounds. His colors are much the same as the English bulldog.

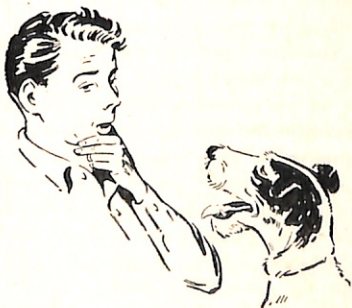
Here's a Dutchman among dogs—a Hollander, the Keeshonden. If you've ever seen one, it was probably where there were lots of pure-bred dogs. This chap is the national dog of Holland, and has been termed the "barge dog" as he is so often seen on the barges on the canals of his native country. He is said to be an excellent watch-dog, perhaps distantly related to such Arctic dogs as the Samoyede and similar purps. His coat is harsh and dense; his color is

wolf- or ash-gray—never all black or all white. He has erect ears and an easily recognizable expression of alertness. Those who breed the Kees say they make ideal companions.

Because of his show-ring, prettified appearance, the poodle is often considered a non-sporting dog—if not an outright canine cream puff. But that school of thought is definitely a mistaken one; the poodle is one of the best hunting dogs (retrievers) there is. He has perhaps the densest coat of any dog, which accounts for the fantastic clipping he's given frequently. Because of this thick coat, plus the fact that he's so often used in Europe as a retriever of water fowl, it is necessary to clip his caboose to enable him to swim more swiftly. If this is not done, his rear end becomes too heavy with water and seriously cuts down on his speed. He's a German, his name being derived from the word *pudel*—water. He's a pure aristocrat and carries himself as though he knows it, but he is gentle, affectionate and one of the most intelligent dogs on earth. For that reason he is often chosen by trainers for dog circuses. In an earlier article, I mentioned, and described, the toy poodle as being a member of the toy dog division, but in this non-sporting group there are two other divisions—the standard poodle, standing 15 inches or more at the shoulder, and the miniature, between ten and 15 inches. These dogs are found in any solid color ranging from pure white to pure black.

A Belgian winds up the non-sporting purps—the Schipperke, a Flemish title for "Little Captain"; this pooch, too, is a barge dog. Rarely found in this country, he resembles the Keeshonden, being compact, with erect ears, a fox-like expression and a harsh, fairly heavy coat with a dense ruff. His color is solid black.

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By Accident

(Continued from page 21)

original, faithful in every degree. And that's how copper-plating, forerunner of modern engraving, started—by accident, and by the skill of someone curious enough to investigate the accident. The world of graphic arts has benefited greatly by this happy incident.

A director for an electrical manufacturing company is responsible for discovering a practical method of welding the filaments in radio tubes, a fundamental advance that helped to make possible our almost incredible development of detection and firing devices in wartime.

The director was alone in the vast experimental laboratory of which he was in charge and was intently engaged on a project which was entirely foreign to the welding of filaments in radio tubes. He wasn't even thinking of that particular problem when he accidentally touched a copper wire against the aluminum terminal of a capacitor which carried a heavy electrical charge. Before his astonished eyes, the wire-end melted fast to the terminal in a split second in spite of the fact that the melting points of copper and aluminum are nearly 700 degrees apart.

Alert to the opportunity and appraising its importance, the research man went to work. He had accidentally stumbled on a great find—and, because he had patience, understanding and a fine technical mind, was able to apply it to a problem that had baffled radio manufacturers for a long and weary time. That accident helped to sink enemy submarines and enemy warships, and it helped to down countless enemy planes.

BY TRIAL AND ERROR

In another large laboratory a chemist set out to find a chemical solution that would provide an efficiency of at least 95 per cent for electrolytic condensers. He worked on the time-proven principle of trial and error. The walls of his small test room were lined with shelves, on which he placed hundreds of small condensers, each containing a different chemical solution. Although over 200 solutions were used, none proved satisfactory and 90 per cent efficiency was the best recorded by any. Thousands of dollars were spent on the experiments and it was urgent that the right answer be found.

Almost completely discouraged and baffled, the scientist sat slumped in a chair, gazing at the containers. As he watched, one of the condensers started to perk. He checked it and found that it showed an efficiency of 98 per cent. Here was the answer, he told himself. He duplicated the solution, made another test, only to find that the efficiency was down again to a normal 88 per cent. Time and again the test was repeated, but always with the same results.

Then a shamed lab assistant came to the scientist and told him that the suc-

cessful test was made in a container that probably had not been washed very carefully and that the container had a small amount of sodium fluoride in it previously. The scientist promptly added a few drops of sodium fluoride to the solution in the control condenser—and the efficiency jumped from 88 to 98 per cent.

So many benefits have come to us by sheer accident—sugar, for example. At one time sugar refiners had trouble in clarifying cane sugar in spite of everything that was done in the process of clarification.

BECAME WHITE

One day a refinery superintendent watched a hen stroll casually across a vat of cane sugar which was in the process of clarification, leaving behind her an untidy trail of muddy tracks. He chased the offending fowl out of the refinery yard and searched for a scoop to remove the muddy evidence. To his utter amazement, when he returned to the vat he found that wherever the hen had stepped the sugar was as white as snow.

As you may suspect, it wasn't long before clay was used as a clarifying agency in the refining of sugar—and that's why the sugar you use on your table today is spotlessly white.

A glass plant executive discovered that workers were using rejected insulating glass units to heat their lunches, placing the crude basins and pans directly over fires, without the glass's cracking or shattering. That's how ovenware glass was discovered and that's why casseroles of glass are commonly used today.

No industry spends more time and money in thorough and continuous research than the steel industry. This research has paid excellent dividends and

made life safer and more comfortable for all who use steel. Yet one of the greatest advancements in the making of steel came from sheer accident.

A foreman in a Pittsburgh steel plant was walking through a sheet mill where white-hot steel was passing between gigantic rollers and emerging in sheets. A workman—a new man—was using a pair of heavy, rusty iron tongs to handle the hot sheets passing through on the rollers. He saw the foreman approaching, became flustered and dropped the iron tongs on the moving plane of hot metal passing between the rollers.

The man yelled, for he expected to see the heavy machinery and the big rollers smash under the strain. The foreman swore and rushed forward. However, before the machinery could be stopped, the tongs had passed between the rollers, yet the machinery was not injured. When the tongs were recovered it was found that the iron not only was flattened, but also had attained a high polish.

The foreman carried the tongs to his superiors, who marveled over what had happened. That was the start of the cold rolling steel process which is now an integral part of every great steel mill. It was one of the greatest of discoveries.

THERE'S MUCH AHEAD

Beyond the horizon of tomorrow may be a multitude of blessings, comforts and conveniences that will be brought to us by accident. Some trivial incident may unlock the door to secrets hitherto unsolved.

In this world there are many unsolved problems. What makes grass green? How can the common cold be cured? Will we ever be able to squeeze the full potential power from a gallon of gasoline? Why can't we raise strawberries in zero weather? How about a typewriter that always will spell correctly?

Control of atomic power isn't the only important problem facing this world. A half-century ago a host of the conveniences we enjoy today were undreamed of and present-day curative powers of modern medicine and surgery would have been deemed impossible. Modern transportation would have seemed fantastic had it been suggested as a possibility back in 1896.

Who knows when some weary and bedeviled research scientist will mix the wrong ingredients, flip the right switch at the wrong time, and come up with the answers to many problems that must eventually be solved?

There will never be any substitute for careful, planned research, but even the gentlemen engaged in such activities know that sometimes the answers prove elusive. When that happens, they hope for the lucky accident which will provide the clue that will lead to success.

Judiciary Committee

Work Assigned

Brother Earl E. James, Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, announces that the work of that Committee will be assigned as follows:

Brother John C. Cochrane will assist the Chairman in writing Opinions and Decisions assigned to him.

Brother H. L. Blackledge—By-Law revisions, amendments, and House Rule approvals, excepting those relating to corporations.

Brother William S. Hawkins—Bulletins, Publications, and Building Application matters.

Brother John E. Fenton—all corporation matters and approvals of Corporation By-Laws.

The addresses of the members of the Committee can be found on page 54 of this issue.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 13)

District Deputy Conference in Chicago, when the 55 invited Deputies were on hand.

At this meeting, he was assisted by Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, Bruce A. Campbell, Floyd Thompson, Henry C. Warner and Joseph B. Kyle. Chairman Lee A. Donaldson of Etna, Pa., Lodge, and Sid. E. Patterson of Augusta, Kans., represented the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge.

A week later, on Aug. 4th, Mr. Davis met 35 of his new Deputies from the western part of the country at Salt Lake City, Utah, at a conference arranged by Chairman D. E. Lambourne of the Board of Grand Trustees. On hand were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Masters, George I. Hall, L. A. Lewis and John R. Coen, with the Activities Committee represented by R. Leonard Bush, a member of Inglewood, Calif., Lodge.

The final Conference took place with 65 Deputies at the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va., when the following former leaders of the Order were present: James R. Nicholson, James T. Hallinan, John F. Malley and Mr. Masters. Supt. R. A. Scott of the Home had a fine fried chicken dinner served on the lawn to the guests and the Home's 290 residents. Taking care of the business of the Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge at this session were the two remaining members of this group, James A. Bresnahan of Fitchburg, Mass., Lodge, and Chelsie J. Senerchia of Miami, Fla., Lodge.

FROM Bedford, Mr. Davis traveled to **HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., LODGE, NO. 1616**, on Aug. 13th, where he spent a pleasant day at the No. Car. Elks Boys Camp as the guest of B. A. Whitmire, former member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, and his wife who have been in charge of the camp for the seven years of its existence. During his stay, Mr. Davis dedicated a plaque, placed in the dining hall, to the Whitmires, in ceremonies participated in by State Vice-Pres. Charles Thomas and D.D. I. B. Hughes. That evening, the Order's leader was the guest of Hendersonville Lodge at a dinner attended by 200 Elks and their ladies who received his inspiring address with warm applause.

The following day, Mr. Davis visited **BREVARD, N. C., LODGE, NO. 1768**, for luncheon with about 50 members to whom he was introduced by E.R. S. E. Varner, Jr.

The members of **ASHEVILLE LODGE NO. 1401** entertained the Grand Exalted Ruler at a dinner that evening, when 250 Elks, including D.D. I. B. Hughes, and their ladies were served. E.R. J. Mack Arnette was in charge of the pro-

gram, with Dr. Wm. A. Sams as Master of Ceremonies.

On Aug. 15th, Grand Exalted Ruler Davis witnessed the institution of **ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., LODGE, NO. 1038**, of which D.D. D. Staton Inscow was in charge. The officers of Raleigh, N. C., Lodge, No. 735, headed by E.R. Franklin T. Dupree, Jr., initiated a class of 100 candidates in the presence of representatives of 14 No. Car. lodges, led by State Pres. George Skinner. The installation was preceded by a dinner in the New Ricks Hotel where the entire program took place. The Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the new members who elected Wm. M. Spears as their first Exalted Ruler, with Norman Y. Chamblis as their Secretary.

On Friday, Howard R. Davis, with State Pres. H. Earl Pitzer and P.E.R. Hubert Gallagher of Gettysburg, Pa., Lodge, were guests of **NORFOLK, VA., LODGE, NO. 38**, for an afternoon boat trip in the harbor and a dinner later, attended by 300 Elks with Exalted Ruler Lawrence A. Marsh as Master of Ceremonies.

On Aug. 19th and 20th, the Grand Exalted Ruler attended the opening festivities for the 1951 Convention of the **VIRGINIA ELKS ASSN.** at Portsmouth, across the bay. A reception Sunday evening was followed by a dinner in honor of the distinguished visitor, given by the officers of **PORTSMOUTH LODGE NO. 82**. The following morning, the Order's leader addressed the opening session of the Convention and heard the report of the Virginia Boys' Camp Corp., whose Directors, headed by Pres. Morris L. Masinter, were praised by Mr. Davis for the tremendous progress made at the camp since its inauguration five years ago. Among the dignitaries present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Robert South Barrett and John L. Walker of the Grand Forum.

On the 23rd of the month, Mr. Davis visited the home of **BARABOO, WIS., LODGE, NO. 688**, for its 50th Anniversary observance which coincided with the 49th Annual Convention of the **WIS. ELKS ASSN.**, to which it was host. That evening, the prominent Williamsport, Pa., Elk and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton were guests of honor at a delicious dinner given by the members of the host lodge for 300 Elks and their ladies. E.R. Walter H. Barker extended the lodge's official welcome, and Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson was Toastmaster. The following morning, the Grand Exalted Ruler addressed the delegates and witnessed the presentation of the top prize in the National Youth Contest to John Kososki, and the awarding of a \$300 Elks National Foundation Scholarship to Miss Helen J. Johnson.

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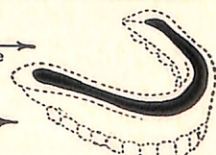
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EDITORIAL

DON'T HELP THE REDS



According to FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover, and he ought to know, there are 55,000 Communist Party members in this country. This figure, however, would hardly cover the number of those who, over the years, have had the label of Communist tied on them

by speakers and writers who carelessly employ the term to describe somebody with whose views they disagree.

Thoughtful people long have warned against such irresponsible conduct, and their concern is shared by Mr. Hoover, who declared recently that:

"We shall contribute to our internal security by protecting the innocent as well as by identifying the enemies within our midst. Witch hunting weakens internal security."

Regardless of the motive, it's a disservice to our country, and a handicap to our efforts to unmask real Communists—and their fellow travelers—for anyone, especially someone in a position to command attention, to use the Communist label indiscriminately. It tends to confuse the search for the genuine article; when innocent people are shown to have been falsely accused it provides the Reds and their friends with ammunition with which to minimize the Communist menace and to attack the campaign against them.

This campaign must and will go on, but it will be much more effective, the results more certain, if all of us, and particularly those in positions of responsibility and influence, remember that indiscriminate name calling only helps the enemy.

REAL CHAMPIONS



When a Subordinate Lodge Ritualistic Team wins the national championship of Elkdome two years in succession, the individual performance of the seven officers making up the team and the pull-together spirit of the team as a whole must be recognized as an outstanding achievement.

Such was the accomplishment of the officers of Greeley, Colorado, Lodge No. 309 in winning this championship two years—this year with a rating of 95.853 per cent.

We are indebted to an editorial in the *Greeley Tribune*, written by one who is not an Elk, for some information relative to the background of the team, and to some of the elements leading to its success, prominent among the latter being the important, skillful guidance of those who coached the team, and the unfailing team loyalty which, at all times, prevailed.

Beyond exceptional ritualistic ability, the officers of Greeley Lodge surely are imbued with the real spirit of

Elkdome. During the past year, between the two national contests they won, they traveled 4,000 miles, exemplifying the ritual through Colorado, Utah and Wyoming.

Surely their ritualistic brilliancy and their generous demonstration of the ritual for the benefit of other Lodges must have been most inspirational, and have contributed materially to an increased interest in ritualistic work, and to increased efficiency in its demonstration.

A SOUND POLICY



One of the foundation stones of United States foreign policy is non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations. Basic to this policy is the proposition that a nation has the right to the kind of government it wants, regardless of whether we ap-

prove of it, a right that we reserve for ourselves.

In discussing recent international developments, many persons tend to forget or ignore our principle of non-interference with the domestic problems of our neighbors. They take the position that the United States, being the leader of the world's democracies, ought to exercise all power whenever possible to compel greater democratic freedoms where such freedoms are denied.

For example, there are those who believe that this nation failed in its duty when we extended material aid to Yugoslavia after Tito's break with the Kremlin without exacting from him democratic reforms as the price of that aid. Aside from the fact that Tito very likely would have refused such conditions, and we were not in position to compel them, the dangers of this kind of diplomacy are readily apparent. Such a policy of influencing by force the political arrangements of other countries would involve us in the complex internal affairs of every nation where we applied it. Our state department would have to be expert in the local politics of those countries. We would be responsible for those governments, including their mistakes, and inevitably we would become a symbol of power politics, confirming the worst—and now false—charge that Communists parrot against us.

It is true that in Greece, Turkey and elsewhere we have tried through moral persuasion to extend democratic freedoms and with considerable success. This marks the great difference between our policy and the Kremlin's. The objective of Soviet Russia's foreign policy is a Communist world ruled from the Kremlin. The chief tool with which the Kremlin seeks to achieve that objective is the Communist party, whose job is to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries by fomenting disorder and violence, to organize revolution and by any and all means to bring them into the Soviet orbit as vassals.

Actually, all that the Western World asks of Russia, as we have repeatedly made clear, is that she halt her effort to export Communism by force. Thus, we cannot, at the same time, undertake to explore democracy by the same, or similar, methods; but we can continue to offer to other countries such an appealing example of dynamic democracy serving a free people that they will willingly embrace it and just as willingly stand resolutely with us, their friend, as defenders of peace and freedom.

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